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P O E M S,
Together with a
LATIN ORATION.

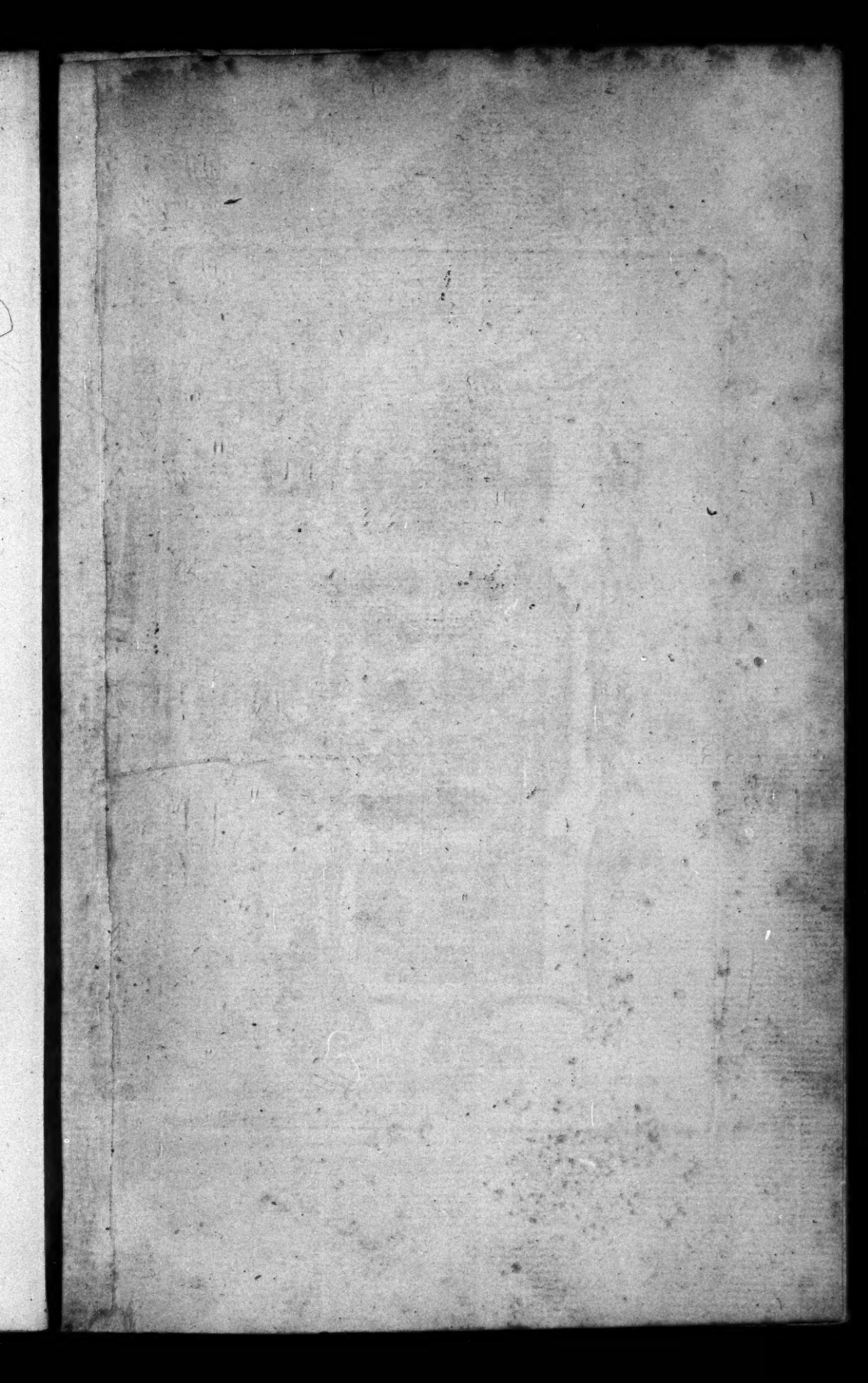
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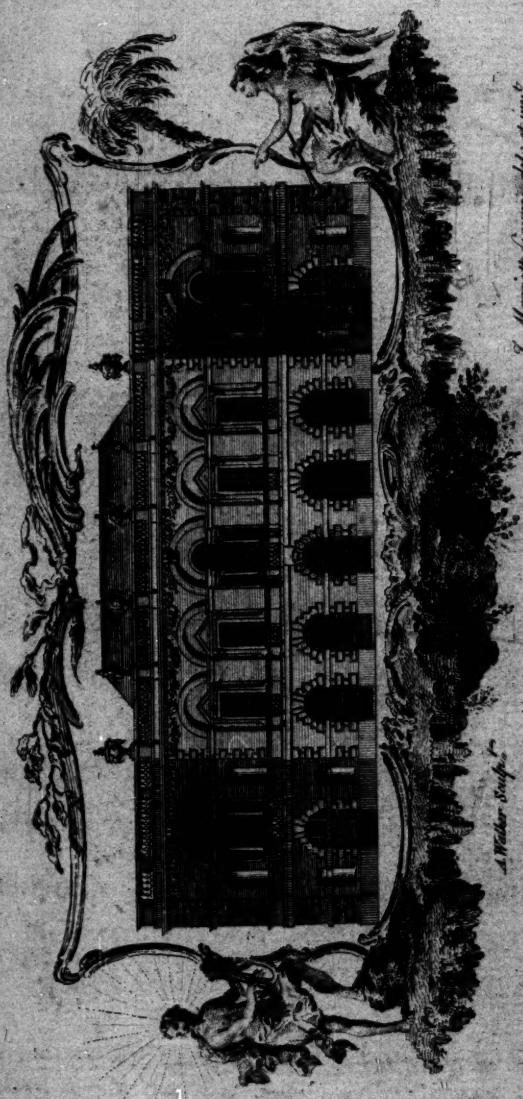
P O E M S.

Together with a

L A T I N O R A T I O N.

Printed by James Bettsman, New York.





J. Marnett sculp.

J. Walker del.

H. Marriott James

P O E M S

Written chiefly at the

Univerfity of Cambridge ;

Together with a

L A T I N O R A T I O N

U P O N T H E

History and Genius of the Roman and
Canon Laws,

With a Comparifon of the Laws of England,

Spoken in the Chapel at Trinity-Hall, Cambridge,

December 21, 1756.

*Scio nunc effe praecipuum ftudium orandi ; fed non ideo femper
pugnacem et quafi bellatorium ftylum fuaserim ; ut enim terrae va-
riis mutatisque feminibus ita ingenia nofta nunc hac nunc illa medi-
tatione recofuntur. C. Plinius Fulco fuo. Epift. ix. Lib. vii.*

P O E M S



LATIN

History and

With a

Spoken in the

Present

The

OBSERVATIONS

By way of

P R E F A C E,

WITH AN

INDEX of the CONTENTS,

OBSERVATIONS

ON

PREFACE

WITH

INDEX OF CONTENTS

P R E F A T O R Y
O B S E R V A T I O N S
A N D
C O N T E N T S.

P. 1. Verses on the Peace 1748.

This poem was printed in the collection, published on occasion of the Peace by the University of Cambridge; since which time it has been considerably altered.

P. 8. Elegy on the Death of a young Lady.

This young Lady was Miss Mary Dod, eldest daughter of Dr. Pierce Dod, M. D. She died of a malignant sore throat, at a time when it was remarkably fatal to many families in this kingdom, and particularly to the Pelham family.

P. 12. Graphics: or an Essay on Painting. A Fragment.

These verses were intended as the beginning of a poem upon painting, in four books, in imitation of Virgil's Georgics: which latter poem is the most beautiful and compleat model of poetry of its kind that perhaps was ever written in any language. The didactic and descriptive parts of the Georgics relieve and contrast each other, without fatiguing the reader with too continued an uniformity; and the purity, clearness, simplicity, and sweetness of style in them are more highly deserving imitation, than easy to be imitated: which considerations, with many others relative to the difficulty of rendering intelligible a subject with which so few people are familiar, and so mysterious in its terms and nature as painting is, joined with a resolution not to spend too much time in the

unfruitful works of imagination, prevented the completion of these verses, which break off abruptly, and which contain only part of the history of the progress of the art of painting.

P. 18. Laura, or the Complaint. An Elegy.

The Lady, in whose character this complaint is written, was a young person of very good family, and of uncommon beauty and excellent understanding; the misfortunes she suffered, in consequence of a fatal error in her conduct, gave occasion to this composition; if it should be thought happily to breathe the least degree of tenderness, it was the result of compassionate feelings, and therefore it was very little studied; any farther than that there was some attention to mark a propriety of character, which differs as much from that of Eloisa, as this Elegy will bear no comparison with the letter to Abelard; no particular imitation therefore of Eloisa's character was intended: Eloisa is a vehement one, a devotee struggling with the violence of a very gross passion, and of superstition in an opposite excess: Laura's character was meant to be more placid and equal, as a modern fine woman, tired of life, changeable in her sentiments of love and hatred; the loss of whose beauty, and the remembrance of its pleasures, as much as repentance for their consequences, make up the greatest part of her character and *Complaint*.

P. 28. To His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on his establishment of annual prizes for the encouragement of Classical Studies, 1752.

These prizes are two gold medals; on the one side representing the head of his present Majesty; on the other side the University of Cambridge addressing the Academical Victors: she is the principal figure, and is placed in the center; she sits upon a seat like to the Sella Curulis on which the Roman Magistrates used to sit; her head is crowned with towers; in her left hand she holds the Caduceus, or emblem of eloquence; beside her stands Liberality bearing a cornucopia, and presenting the medal; at her feet is a shield with the arms of Holles-Pelham. On the foreground, at the base, in a reposing posture, is the figure of the

the Cam, with the insignia of an antient River-God. In the distance appears the Theatre, or Senate-house of the University. The inscription at the top is simple and elegant. "Studiis Humanitatis." At the bottom is Liberalitas T. Holles Duc. Novocastr. Acad: Cancell: round his Majesty's head is Georgius II. Pius. Felix. Pater Patriae.

Translations and Imitations.

P. 37. *Translations of four Odes from Horace. Published in Mr. Doddsley's Collection, Vol. 4.*

P. 48. *Epitaph from Malherbe travestied.*

P. 50. *Translation from Petrarch of Si amor non è.*

P. 52. *From the same of Orologio son io.*

P. 54. *Translation of Marini's O Baci avventurosi.*

P. 56. *Translation of Epitre du Roi de Prusse à Monsieur Voltaire.*

P. 60. *Translation of his Prussian Majesty's Ode sur la Mort.*

P. 77. *Inscription upon a Hermitage.*

P. 78. *Inscription upon a Monument.*

P. 79. *To a Roman Catholic Lady.*

P. 79. *The Inconstant.*

P. 81. *Cupid Painter.*

P. 82. *The Description.*

P. 84. *Captain Cupid. Published in Mr Doddsley's Collection, Vol. 4.*

P. 85. *Invitation.*

P. 87. *To the Rt. Hon. Lady Lucy Graham.*

P. 88. *To a Lady sitting for her Picture.*

The last line of this poem alludes to the Greek painters exhibiting their pictures at the Olympic games.

P. 90. *Rinaldo and Armida. To a Lady singing.*

In the 16th Book of Tasso's Jerusalem delivered, and in the 1st Ode of Fulvio Testi, edition printed at Milan 1676, see the story to which this poem alludes. It is observable that the Italian poems and romances, which are the fairy land of modern poetry, were full of the enchantments of Armida before ever Tasso introduced them into his Gierusalemme

lemme Liberatz; for Count Fulvio Testi does but allude himself to some well known story of Armida: and he wrote this Ode before Tasso was born. It is inscribed to Alfonso d'Este Duke of Ferrara, who died in 1534, and Tasso was born not till 1554.

P. 92. *To a Lady making a Pin-basket.* Published in Mr. Doddsley's Collection, Vol. 4.

O D E S.

P. 97. *Ode on Ambition.*

P. 99. *Sacred Ode.*

As there are great inequalities in the poetry of the sacred writings, it seems as if the most likely method of translating it with success, is by selecting such detached poetical parts as are most sublime, and then weaving them in with other sentiments arising from the consideration of religious truths; in which view this Ode was composed, by way of attempt. Religious subjects are certainly extremely capable of all the beauties of imagination, which beauties are the combinations of agreeable or amazing truths, and are certainly the more striking whenever they are supported by that good sense and reason which attend upon the fundamentals of Christianity.

P. 102. *Ode to Fancy.*

The subject and thought of this poem is taken from two lines in Shakespear.

The Poet's Eye in a fine Phrenzy roving
Doth glance from Earth to Heaven——

It was published in Mr. Doddsley's Collection, Vol. 4.

P. 109. *Arion.*

This Ode was published in Mr. Doddsley's Collection, Vol. 6.

P. 112. *The Academic.* Written April MDCCLV.

His Majesty having been pleased to contribute a very considerable sum of money for the building of a new part of the University Library,

Library, in imitation of his Royal Father's munificence, who increased the library with the valuable collection of Dr. Moore Bishop of Ely; and his Grace the Chancellor having solicited for, and largely contributed towards the carrying on of this new edifice, together with the Earl of Hardwicke High Steward, and others of the Nobility and Gentry, these circumstances, which did so much honour to the University and its illustrious patron, make a principal part of this Ode, which was written at the time when the foundation stone was laid by his Grace the Chancellor: a prize medal, and several coins of his present Majesty, were placed underneath it. The beginning of the Ode was intended as a general eulogium of the munificent Founders of the University, and the conclusion of it as a Valediction to the University, which the author designed to leave, not having at that time the honour of being elected fellow of his own society.

P. 120. *Ode on Lyric Poetry. Published in Mr. Dodsley's Collection, Vol. 6.*

This Ode, which is the last, concludes in the sentiment of Count Fulvio Testi. Al Principe Alfonso d'Este, p. 409.

Restate in pace, i' cangerò sentiero.

Ecco la cetra, eccovi il plettro: addio:

Altri studi, altre cure, altro pensiero.

P. 127. *De historia et ingenio Juris Civilis et Canonici, cum comparatione legum Angliæ oratio habita in sacello aulae Trinitatis die commemorationis 1756 ex testamento Thomæ Eden LL. D.*

CONCLUSION.

It is to be hoped that, after this impression of the Author's own, no verses hitherto written, which are not inserted here, will be considered as written by him; the obviating any such opinion was one great reason of this collection being printed, no less than a desire of making to a few particular persons a present, in an Academical way, which it is not in their power to purchase; a circumstance which often has given value to trifles.

How.

However little the amusement may be which these compositions will afford to any reader, it is some consolation to the writer of them, that among many bad lines considered as poetry, there is not one that is so, as being ill natured, immoral, or irreligious. The greatest danger of censure is to be apprehended for the last composition, written in a dead language, and in which the critics, who may be struck the most easily with doubts, are those who have longest ceased to converse with their old acquaintance in it. But we hope for that composition, and the rest of the contents of this little collection, that no body will have it in their power to criticise them, except those persons who are kind enough to excuse and wish well to the writer of them. But perhaps an apology is necessary for having spent so much time in this sort of composition. Some very respectable men attached only to lucrative employments, or studies remote from imagination, have judged poetical studies, as a part of education, to be entirely useless. It is an objection however which goes to the study of the classics in general and to the whole business of composition, all which are connected, and to the practice of the great public schools: the known success of their method of education is a sufficient answer to the objection, and if great examples in our own country and age were wanting, as they are not, the opinion of the Roman orator, lawyer, philosopher, and statesman Cicero is a sufficient apology for all persons who make these studies the companions of their first part of life, or the amusement of their leisure at any time.

Quamquam omnis doctrina expolitur scientia literarum, tamen maxime augetur legendis oratoribus atque poetis. Caetera neque temporum sunt neque aetatum omnium neque locorum: haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium et solatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si quantum caeteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludosque celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis, quantum alii tribuunt intempestivis conviviiis, quantum denique aleae, quantum pilae, tantum egomet mihi ad haec studia recolenda sumptero.

[7]

T O T H E

Q U E E N.

AMIDST the thunder of victorious arms,
While British valour either world alarms,
On this fair isle, the glory of the main,
Have Peace and Hymen fix'd their happy reign;
Its tranquil shores no bold invader know;
On distant plains the British laurels grow;
The shouts of conquest from each pole rebound,
And Gallia's lilies wither at the sound.

O doom'd a nation's general joy to share,
To shine bright object of the public care,

A Princess,

*Princess, whom Britain welcomes to her shore,
 To bless a Monarch whom her sons adore,
 Hail! to a land where Plenty lifts her horn,
 Hail! to a land which all the Arts adorn,
 To which the empire of the main is given,
 The Nurse of Heroes, and delight of Heaven.*

*No scenes like those your native land bemoans,
 No virgin's tears, no dying warriors groans
 Await you here: but Hymen's altars flame,
 And soft affections all your bosom claim.
 Fate, of your life that draws the sacred clue,
 Spreads the fine texture of a brighter hue,
 And forms you all that graces every part,
 That wins the reason, or subdues the heart,
 Destin'd to shine in life's superior sphere,
 And tun'd your soul harmonious as your ear.
 No feverish passion your lov'd Youth inspir'd,
 Where Virtue pointed there his soul was fir'd;*

Skill'd

Skill'd in those arts which all that's fair pursue

He saw their object was compleat in you;

While his pleas'd eyes survey th'illustrious store,

The breathing busto and medallic ore,

Of antient forms you rival every grace;

Faustina's form and Cleopatra's face;

For ~~Their~~ vicious beauties no true lustre gave;

The wanton Roman soil'd them, and a slave;

But modest charms your pleasing whole refin'd,

Bright emanations beaming from the mind,

And Britain's Lord, in you supremely blest,

For one fair living image scorns the rest.

To you the polish'd Arts their homage pay,

Claim of your influence the enlivening ray,

Their colours blend, or tune the sounding lyre;

For you the marble feels Promethean fire;

For you their tribute all the Muses bring

From Isis grot and Granta's sacred spring;

*Nor scorn your cultivated mind the strain,
 Which oft has flow'd for other ears in vain;
 For know on this depends a nation's fame;
 Tho' vulgar minds condemn the Poet's name,
 The weak, the wicked dread th' eternal lays;
 The virtuous reverence what embalms their praise.*

*Where'er the Muse by Heaven inspir'd has sung,
 Immortal sounds have grac'd her native tongue;
 She taught the stile of animated sense,
 And all the energy of eloquence;
 Then Arts which soften life, and Commerce came,
 Historic pages rais'd the Hero's flame,
 The patriot's counsels claim'd th' eternal strain,
 And rising empire spread its wide domain.
 Thus over Greece the Muse display'd her light,
 And with the Roman Eagles urg'd her flight,
 Thus play'd on Gallia's once illustrious plain,
 Where but one Poet now attunes the strain;*

Such

*Such now the tributary verse she pours
 Wide o'er the world from Britain's sounding shores,
 Pleas'd to record for ages yet unborn
 How Strelitz's charms her favourite isle adorn;
 Yet even here she mourns with tears the past,
 The frowns of power, and envy's chilling blast.*

*On Mulla's shores when Spencer tun'd the strain,
 Soft flow'd the stream, and hush'd was all the plain;
 To grot, hill, valley, lawn, and shades around
 Of Gloriana's name he taught the sound:
 There every Muse and every Grace was seen
 To crown with Fancy's wreath the British Queen:
 For dying hopes his silent bosom pin'd;
 Faithless they woo'd his young ambitious mind;
 While cold neglect and lingering long suspense,
 More fell than baneful drug that lulls the sense,
 And sharper far than Death's destroying dart
 Consum'd with care his great deserving heart.*

Then

*Then sure no Muse of him will dress the grave
 With holy verse, who, negligent to save,
 Turn'd from the Muse's gifts with scornful eye,
 Saw merit bloom, then droop forgot, and die.*

*The wise may counsel and the brave may bleed;
 Unless the Muse bid envious Time recede,
 And near their tombs eternal vigils keep,
 Their glorious actions must in silence sleep.
 With better hopes the Nine their homage pay,
 And hail the influence of your orient ray:
 Charlotta's smiles above Eliza's days
 Shall lift a Monarch's and a Nation's praise.
 In your soft court the Muses shall be found,
 And Wit direct the dart that gives no wound,
 No savage dagger there shall Faction draw,
 But Virtue give to every passion law;
 Far off shall Satyr point its venom'd sting,
 But Love his torch with smiling Beauty bring.*

Pleas'd

*Pleas'd at your feet each Muse's child shall sit
 Safe from the vengeance of malignant wit.
 No beating forms the Monarch Eagle move,
 When couch'd he sleeps beneath the throne of Jove.*

*Your beauties not alone our youth engage
 To touch the string: but warm the breasts of Age.
 The faithful servant of the throne appears,
 Nor feels the weight of labours and of years,
 Happy the object of his cares to view
 The Brunswic line confirm'd: and grac'd by you;
 Amidst the general voice and dutious strain
 He asks your smiles to bless his Granta's train;
 Alike the sons of honour'd Isis claim
 To make their verse immortal by your fame.
 Nurs'd in these learned shades around you stand
 Who shine in Senates now, th'illustrious band,
 O'er Britain's fleets or armies who preside,
 Or who the reins of mighty empire guide,*

Proud

*Proud of the wreaths which classic hands have wove
 Due to your charms, to loyalty and love.
 Thus when the Sages of the Trojan state
 Of war or peace were met to fix the fate,
 As Helen pass'd, the hoary chiefs admir'd,
 And prais'd the passion which her eyes inspir'd.
 Henceforth our labours, and our fame be one,
 And Cam's and Isis streams together run,
 To distant climes convey the pleasing tale,
 While Britain's Muses like her arms prevail,
 And shine their Monarch's pride, their country's boast,
 Their only contest to applaud you most.*

JAMES MARRIOTT, LL. D.

Fellow of Trinity-Hall, and one of the Advocates of
 Doctors Commons.

Published in the Collection of the University of Cambridge, 1761.

V E R S E S

ON THE

P E A C E,

1748.

V E R S E S

ON THE

P E A C E

1748.

[1]

V E R S E S

O N T H E

P E A C E

1748.

LONG hath Ambition's arm the thunder
borne,
Lanc'd her dire flames, and taught the
world to mourn;

In vain 'mid clouds the Alpine mountains stood;
In vain the Rhine indignant roll'd his flood;
Still urg'd his furious way th'aspiring Gaul,
In hope already grasp'd the conquer'd ball;
Before his legions stalk'd resistless Fear,
And Desolation ravag'd in the rear.

How long, Ambition, shall the sword devour?
What slaughter'd millions glut the lust of power?
Rule ye, dread Kings, eternal war to wage,
And wake the horrors of unceasing rage?

Let ever blasting hate the man pursue
Who first the steel, yet guiltless weapon, drew,

B

Dip'd

Dip'd his red banners in a people's gore,
Drove Peace from earth, from heaven its altars
tore,

With daring steps on groaning Nature trod,
Scourge of the world, yet honour'd as a God.

How blest ! who for a nation's bliss provides,
Whose arm defends them, and whose counsel
guides,

Great in the heartfelt joy, and conscious hour
Of each fair act of delegated power.

Perish the trophied column, sculptur'd bust,
For ever perish in Oblivion's dust
Whate'er Ambition's hand hath taught to rise,
Proud altars of inhuman sacrifice.

Beholds the sun, insatiate Discord, say,
As round the world he pours his sacred ray,
That soil where no sad monuments appear
To tell thy triumphs through each rolling year ?
On every land thy dreadful feet have stood,
To scatter plagues, and float the globe with blood.
Fallen are th' Assyrian towers, the Persian pride;
Once letter'd Nilus rolls a barb'rous tide ;
For polish'd arts, for warlike deeds renown'd,
By savage hands is Greece for ever bound.

Where art thou, Rome ? thy eagles wing no
more

Their conquering flight from Freedom's happy
shore ;

Her

Her baleful shade while Superstition spreads,
 And o'er thy trophies with proud insult treads.
 Whatever good, whatever great appears,
 The growth of wisdom, and the toil of years,
 Each proud memorial of man's active thought,
 What patriots founded, or what sages taught,
 Sink in Ambition's all-involving rage,
 The destin'd prey of Discord and of Age.

These, proud Destroyer, are thy glorious deeds ;
 Behold for thee yet wounded Belgia bleeds ;
 Germania groans ; reclining o'er her dead
 Italia bows her flower-incircled head.
 The peasant, wandering o'er the desert plain,
 In silence curses thy wide-wasting reign ;
 And turns with anxious thought his weeping eyes
 Where late he saw his peaceful cottage rise ;
 In fixt attention round his offspring stand,
 Press to his knees, and eager grasp his hand,
 Ask why he sighs, and whence his sorrows flow,
 Join with his tears their innocence of woe,
 And while they mingle with a father's pain,
 Demand a mother lost, their brothers slain ;
 Down his wan cheek redoubled torrents roll,
 And all the parent rushes to his soul.
 Of herds, of flocks bereft the fields appear,
 Nor spreads the vine, nor waves the golden ear ;

The landscape mourns ; roll choak'd with dead
the floods,

Through vales untill'd, and miss their wonted
woods ;

All sad remembrance of past woes create,
Each mark of sanguine deeds, and hostile hate,
Which o'er the plains th'empurpled hand of War
Hath trac'd in many a dreadful character.

But lo, the clouds dispel ; a chearing beam
Of sudden glory darts its golden gleam.
Hail happy change ! All hail th'expected end !
Let temples rise, triumphal arcs ascend.
The trophied pile let laurel wreaths adorn,
And naval spoils from Gallic vessels torn.
Here shall in breathing paint confest be seen
The youthful Chief, in storms of war serene,
Rush where oppress'd the panting troops recede,
Or point the doubtful warrior where to bleed.
There shall be spread, asserting her domain,
Britannia's banners o'er the watry plain,
The bounding barks the dashing wave divide,
And the long triumph grace th'exulting tide ;
To wondering sea Gods Neptune mark the show,
The billows smooth, and check the winds that
blow.

Close by the gates shall Rapine rage in vain,
Ambition weep, and Discord bite her chain.

Majestic

Majestic Peace shall wave her olive wand,
 In snow-white vestments awful Justice stand,
 Low at their feet pale Envy's form be bound,
 And War expiring feel the deadly wound.

O, still, sweet Peace, thy gentle stay prolong,
 Secure from civil rage, from foreign wrong.
 Let laughing Plenty fill her copious horn,
 Her brows with myrtle loose-rob'd Mirth adorn.
 No more the trumpet breathing death shall
 found,

Nor iron harvests spread the fatal ground,
 No hostile ax shall fell the sacred shade,
 Nor raging flames the burning towns invade,
 The herds shall safely crop the verdant mead,
 And at the plow shall sweat the warrior steed.
 Hark! how the groves with rustic songs resound;
 With ripening corn behold the vallies crown'd;
 The maids and youths in festive dances move,
 And beauteous Hymen lights the torch of
 love.

Britannia, see, where peaceful olives grow,
 To grace with social wreaths thy laureate bough.
 No more shall Flandria mourn thy heroes slain,
 Nor fierce Rebellion thunder o'er thy plain.
 Low in the dust each daring hope o'erthrown,
 The Children's swords shall guard their Grand-
 fire's throne;

Pleas'd he beholds his num'rous offspring rise,
 And his own courage sparkle in their eyes.
 Æneas thus with joy survey'd the train
 Of Heroes marching o'er th'Elyfian plain;
 And as the slow proceffion past along,
 Of future warriors hail'd the glorious throng.
 The time shall come, the time by fate enroll'd,
 When in the strength of hardy manhood bold
 The royal youths by each exalted deed
 Shall woo fair Fame, and Britain's armies lead,
 Or dart her thunders to the distant pole
 Where waft the gales, and where the waters roll.

Let softer nations trill the trembling string,
 Or to the lute responsive sweeter sing,
 Nature's fair semblance to the marble give,
 Or bid with sprightlier touch the canvas live;
 Britannia, thou thy stately navies boast,
 Thy wealthy commerce spread from coast to coast;
 For thee, the merchant, to extend thy reign,
 Explores the dangers of the stormy main,
 Waves thy proud banners to the southern skies,
 Or where cold Zembla's frozen rocks arise,
 Where western India's fields their wealth display,
 Or the bright morn unlocks the gates of day;
 For thee behold the lucid amber streams,
 The ruby glows, the sparkling diamond beams;

For

For thee her odours breathes Arabia's shore;
For thee Potofi's mountains teem with ore.

Hail happy Britain ! hers each bliss to view,
O more than happy ! if that bliss she knew ;
If not to sense of public virtue lost ;
If by no wave of stormy faction tost,
She still proceeds, what fav'ring Heaven de-
sign'd,

Friend to herself, and patron of mankind.
Thus shall her arts extend, her power prevail,
And suppliant monarchs their deliverer hail ;
The rage of war while distant nations feel,
And but for change of tyrants draw the steel,
Hers shall be all that polish'd life inspires
With native wit, and fancy's warmest fires ;
To her the patriot's energy belong,
The hero's valour, and the poet's song.



E L E G Y

On the Death of a young Lady.

YES, it is past; the fatal stroke is given.
Our pious sorrows own the hand of
heaven.

How short our joys! incumber'd life how vain!
Still vex'd with evil's never ceasing train;
While roll the hours which lead each fleeting
year,

Each asks a sigh, and each demands a tear.
O'er pleasing scenes the mind with rapture roves,
Grasps in idea all it hopes or loves:
Snatch'd from its view the pleasing scenes decay,
And the fair vision melts in shades away.

Of youth, of beauty, and of wit the boast,
O lov'd for ever, and too early lost,
Sweet maid, for thee now mingling with the
dead,

Her sacred griefs the tuneful Muse shall shed;
The soft remembrance of thy charms to save
She plants with all her bays thy hallow'd grave,
Ye too, companions of her happier days,
Heirs of her charms, and rivals of her praise,

Amid

Amid the circles of the young and gay
 Your years unheeded urge their stealing way,
 While mixt with pleasure's ever-smiling train,
 Ye know no sorrows, and ye feel no pain,
 Yet, when no more the pulse tumultuous beats,
 Nor the pleas'd sense each flattering tale repeats,
 Let calm reflection the sad moral teach,
 That bliss below evades our eager reach ;
 That virtue only grants the real charm,
 Gives wit to win, and beauty power to warm ;
 That tho' like hers, whose recent fate we mourn,
 And ask your pity for a sister's urn,
 Your beauties shine in all their bloom confess,
 'Mid gazing slaves contending to be blest,
 Yet think like hers may soon those beauties fade ;
 Like hers your glories in the dust be laid.
 Time's hardy steps in silence swift advance,
 Dim the bright ray that darts the fiery glance,
 And Age, dread herald of Death's awful reign,
 Blasts every grace, and freezes every vein.

When with a mother's joy, a mother's fear,
 The thoughtful parent dropt the silent tear,
 Gaz'd on her child, and saw new beauties rise,
 Glow in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes,
 In expectation plan'd each hope of life,
 The sister, daughter, mother, friend and wife ;

Ah

Ah fleeting joys! how soon those hopes were
o'er!

We doom'd to mourn, and she to charm no
more.

The waning moon shall fill her wasted horn,
And nature's radiance gild the orient morn,
The smiling spring with charms renew'd appear,
The sleeping blossoms haste to deck the year,
But bloom no more this fair departed flower,
Nor wak'd by genial sun, nor vernal shower.

How vain, alas! was all thy father's art,
Vain were the sighs which swell'd thy mother's
heart.

Again I see thee just expiring lie,
Pale thy cold lip, half clos'd thy languid eye,
Thy guardian Innocence beside thee stands,
And patient Faith uplifts her holy hands,
Teach thee with smiles to meet the stroke of
death,

Calm all thy pangs, and ease thy struggling
breath.

Resign'd, dear maid, to earth's maternal breast,
May sister Seraphs chant thy soul to rest.

There shall the constant Amaranthus bloom,
And wings of Zephyrs shed the morn's perfume.
O'er thy sad herse, fair emblems of the dead,
By virgin hands are dying lilies shed.

The

[11]

The weeping Graces shall thy tomb surround;
The Loves with broken darts shall strew the
ground;

In vain for thee they wak'd the fond desires,
Wove myrtle wreaths, and fan'd their purer
fires.

The youthful God, who joins the nuptial bands,
In vain expecting near his altar stands;
Fate spread the cloud: his torch extinct, he flies,
And veils with saffron robe his streaming eyes.

Yet O, while crown'd with never fading
flowers,

Thy spirit wanders through Elysian bowers,
If plaintive sounds of mortal grief below
Reach the blest seats, and waft our tender woe,
Hear, happy shade; while thus our mortal lays
This monument of soft affection raise.

By gentle ties of kindred birth allied,
The Muse that sports on Camus' willow'd side
In Memory's lofty dome inscribes thy name,
And with thy beauties strives to mix her fame.



J. Marriott inv. et delin.

G R A-

G R A P H I C S :

Or an Essay on Painting. A Fragment.

BEFORE the pencil's dip'd, or canvas
spread,

With fancy glowing, yet by judgment led,
Lambert, attend ; th'instructive verse peruse :
Nor scorn the precepts of a sister Muse.

To trace each cause with deep conjecture's
eye,

Be this the task of sage philosophy ;
Not with less studious, but more certain view,
The poet, painter search all nature through,
What marks the outward character of things,
What forms the graceful, whence the beauteous
springs,

How pleads the silent language of the soul,
And on what movements varied passions roll,
Of every latent charm the force reveal,
Expressing greatly what they greatly feel ;
Such Homer's verse, such Virgil's beauties shine,
And such majestic Milton's lofty line ;
Such charms in Titian's vivid pencil glow,
In graceful Guido, fiercer Angelo,

Strike

Strike with Caracci's strength, or softly wear
 Angelic Raphael's heaven-descended air;
 Each perfect work of happy art we view,
 And pleas'd the fair ideas to renew
 Reflect, compare, by nicer feelings taught,
 How just the painter sketch'd, the poet wrote,
 Nature, great archetype of both, admire,
 Share in their toils, and kindle with their fire.

O Nature, parent of each art to please,
 The spring of truth, of beauty, force and ease,
 To whom the powers of eloquence belong,
 The breathing colours, and the lofty song,
 To whom its vigour Hay's strong period owes,
 Whence all a Mansfield's soothing softness flows,
 And Britain's Tully each great image draws
 When drooping Faction silent frowns applause,
 Whose sweetest flowers adorn'd the mournful
 plain

When "rapt Musæus tun'd his parting strain,"
 Whose hand in plaintive melancholy led
 The Graces weeping o'er the rural dead,
 By whom, in Lambert's glowing tints display'd,
 Rise other suns, or spreads the evening shade;
 With grace the hand, the voice, the ear to guide
 Is thine, O Goddess; o'er this verse preside;
 Mystic, yet not obscure the numbers be,
 Give me to feign, but still to follow thee.

Exil'd

Exil'd by wrath of Jove, Apollo fled,
 And veil'd in earthly clouds his radiant head;
 That hand which guided through th'ethereal
 way

Immortal coursers, and the car of day,
 Now bore the crook: the woods he taught his
 strains,

And mix'd a shepherd with the shepherd swains.

A nymph, who lov'd to trace the dewy lawn,
 Haunt the deep wood, and hail the rising dawn,
 Phantasia call'd, the fairest of the train,
 With early foot-steps trip'd along the plain;
 She sung, and singing stop'd to gather flowers;
 Adorn'd her locks, and sought her secret bowers.
 With looks of love the youthful God survey'd,
 And woo'd in silent grots the yielding maid.
 Nine times had Cynthia fill'd her wafled horn,
 Two smiling infants at a birth were born;
 Each each resembled; and for beauty fam'd
 Poesis this, and Graphis that she nam'd.

In years and charms the blooming virgins grew,
 Then, with their Sire restor'd, to heaven with-
 drew.

There on a thousand golden pillars rais'd
 By Vulcan's art th'immortal palace blaz'd;
 Here Graphis first her mimic pencil try'd;
 Attending Iris each fair tint supply'd.

To

To cheer with pleasing notes the toilsome day,
 The sweet Poetis rais'd her tuneful lay;
 To lofty themes her sounding lyre she strung,
 One sister painting what the other sung.
 And now around a new creation glow'd;
 At every touch more bold the figures stood;
 Here the huge Titans straining seem'd to live,
 And hill on hill with vast toil up to heave;
 Black clouds above the lowering sky furround,
 Jove in the midst, with all his gods around.
 There pale, aghast, the sons of earth retire,
 The heavens wide opening in a flood of fire,
 Backward they rush with all their load o'er-
 thrown,
 And crush'd beneath the mighty mountains
 groan.

Her power creative now she tries again,
 And Venus rises from the fable main;
 Above with azure spread the skies appear;
 With silken wings the Zephyrs fan the air,
 In gay profusion, hovering o'er her head,
 The rose, the jessamine, and violet shed:
 The smiling goddess turn'd her look aside,
 And half conceal'd her charms with winning
 pride,
 O'er her fair limbs a veil transparent drew,
 And from her locks distill'd the pearly dew.

Just

Just curl the seas, the whales their homage pay,
 And little Loves among the Tritons play.
 Surrounding Gods the glowing piece admire.
 Superior pleasure touch'd th'almighty Sire.

Lambert, thus poets tell the mystic tale,
 And o'er fair Truth extend the pleasing veil,
 To shew how well the kindred arts unite;
 While each reflects on each a stronger light.

Ingenious Love from heaven and nature came;
 Ingenious Love inspir'd the painter's flame.
 With happy labour first the rural maid
 Trac'd on the wall her favorite shepherd's shade.
 On Youth and Beauty still those toils attend,
 Theirs flows the line, for them the colours
 blend,

With beauty still the painter's breast is fir'd,
 And Love still claims what Love at first inspir'd.

In slow progression moves the fetter'd mind.
 Coarse were the colours, rude the forms design'd,
 While, dawning o'er the eastern world in vain,
 Scarce shone the light beneath a tyrant's reign.
 Religion deign'd her fostering aid to lend,
 To heaven devoting what from heaven descend,
 And call'd the Muse's arts, the Muse's strains,
 To deck her solemn rites, and sacred fanes,
 While with them sprung the Graces ever free,
 Nurst in the soil of smiling Liberty.

The

The sons of Greece the ray ethereal caught;
 There the bold pencil spoke the master's thought;
 There ev'ry Art with rival vigour grew,
 And sought the Fair, the Perfect, and the True;
 Then to the Gods a thousand domes were rais'd,
 In awful pomp a thousand altars blaz'd,
 The lofty lyre Devotion's raptures strung,
 And white-rob'd Bards their holy pæans sung,
 The breathing marble each fair form receiv'd,
 And on the walls the glowing fresco liv'd;
 But War unpitying, widely wasting Age,
 And Superstition, arm'd with gloomy rage,
 Their baleful shades o'er every Science shed,
 And what by Freedom liv'd with Freedom fled.
 Zeuxis, no more thy beauteous Helen charms;
 Nor thy bright Venus, fam'd Apelles, warms;
 No more thy foaming courser seems to stand,
 Proud, yet impatient of his master's hand,
 To paw the plain, to roll his fiery eyes,
 And hear the thunder of the conflict rise;
 Yet still, ye sons of Art, your names survive;
 Still in the rolls of Fame your colours live;
 To Fancy's eye each glorious work appears
 Bold and unfaded through a length of years.

L A U R A.

*Or the Complaint. An Elegy.**Founded on the real misfortunes of an unhappy Lady.*

YE groves, with venerable moss array'd,
That o'er yon' caverns stretch your pendent shade,

Where sacred Silence lulls the rural vale,
And Love in whispers tells his tender tale,
Ye lonely rocks, ye streams that ever flow,
Still as my tears, and constant as my woe,
To you behold the wretched Laura flies,
And haunts those seats from whence her sorrows
rise;

Where, lost to love, how often has she stray'd?
When the fond lover led his blushing maid,
When his soft lips, too eloquent his art,
Pour'd the warm wish, and breath'd out all his
heart.

Ah once lov'd seats, your pleasing scenes are o'er,
Nor you can charm, since he can love no more;
Though smile your lawns with vernal glories
crown'd,

In vain gay Nature paints the enamel'd ground;
While

While through your solitary paths I rove,
 A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love.
 Tho' gentle Zephyrs fan the bending bowers,
 Tho' breathes the incense of your opening flowers,
 Nor opening flowers, nor gentle Zephyrs charm,
 Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm;
 Fade every flower, and languish every sense,
 Ye have no sweets for fallen Innocence.

Torn by remorse, sad victim of despair,
 Where shall I turn? or where address my prayer?
 Far as the morn its early beam displays,
 Or where the star of evening darts its rays;
 Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
 Where blow the winds, or heaven invests
 the pole,

In vain my fluttering soul would wing its way;
 Stern Care pursues, where'er the wretched stray.

Soft God of Sleep, whose ever-peaceful reign
 Lulls earth, and heaven, and all th'extended main,
 Powerful to give the labouring heart to rest,
 To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breast,
 Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
 Invok'd, thy unpropitious Deity?
 Or dooms, on racks of wildest Fancy torn,
 In dreams my agonizing soul to mourn?
 Why am I oft on angry billows tost,
 Now in some wide and dreary desert lost?

Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
 Bound by fierce Demons to some rapid wheel ?
 Now seem to climb, while hills on hills arise,
 In vain : or fall in tempests from the skies,
 Tread burning plains, or swim in seas of fire,
 Just reach the shore, then see the shore retire ?
 As oft dear Youth ! thy pleasing form appears ;
 I stretch my arms, and wake dissolv'd in tears ;
 Yet waking Fancy all that loss supplies,
 And still I view thee with a lover's eyes ;
 Entranc'd, in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
 See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
 Hang on thy hand, or on thy breast reclin'd,
 Play with thy locks that waver with the wind,
 Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
 And on thy lips my spirit mix with thine.
 Now o'er dark wilds, or rugged rocks we stray,
 Love lights the gloom, and smooths the dreary
 way ;

Now on soft banks our weary limbs repose,
 Where every flower of vernal beauty glows ;
 But light as air each pleasing vision flew,
 Swift as the sun dispels the morning dew ;
 While with the day returns the sense of woe,
 We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.

Imagination ! mistress of the soul,
 What powers unseen the active mind controul ?

And

And fill the waking thought, or busy sleep ?
 When not a breeze disturbs the tranquil deep,
 Nor lofty pines through all the forest move,
 Why stir the motions of resistless Love ?

Urg'd by the golden morn the night recedes,
 And year to year in changeful course succedes ;
 Nor night, nor morn, nor years to me restore
 The peace which Laura's heart possess'd before,
 Involv'd in clouds one darksome scene I view ;
 Bleed the same wounds, and all my pains renew.

O boast of Laura's long forgotten praise !
 Past are the triumphs of my happier days,
 When plac'd supreme on Beauty's radiant throne,
 I saw with conscious pride each heart my own ;
 Where'er I turn'd a thousand nymphs admir'd ;
 Where'er I smil'd a thousand swains expir'd ;
 I spoke, 'twas music dwelt upon my tongue ;
 I mov'd a Goddess, and an Angel sung.
 My careless steps in joys were taught to rove ;
 Each voice was flattery, and each look was love ;
 But Beauty's power, too mighty long to last,
 Fled on the wings of rapid Time is past.

As some proud vessel to the prosperous gale
 Her streamer waves, and spreads the silken sail,
 While silver oars to flutes soft breathing sweep
 With measur'd strokes the scarcely heaving deep,

But soon tempestuous clouds the scene deform,
 And the loud surge murmurs to the storm,
 Thus big with hope, from dark suspicion free,
 I sail'd with transport on life's summer sea ;
 The gay attendants of my happy state,
 The Smiles, the Graces 'round were seen to wait,
 And all the Moments, as they swiftly flew,
 Shower'd down soft joy, and pleasures ever new,
 How chang'd this fleeting image of a day !
 How sets in awful gloom the evening ray ?
 While, fixt on earth her eye in sad suspense,
 Pours the deep sigh incessant Penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
 Beauty, thy crowded worshippers how vain !
 Why then such crowds of incense round ascend ?
 Why prostrate monarchs at thy altars bend ?
 Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
 At once to win thee, and encrease thy power ?
 Let sad example reason's dictates aid ;
 Here see what ruin grief and love have made ;
 E'en Love, who lives by Beauty's smiles carest,
 Basks in her eyes, and wantons on her breast,
 With cruel force the fatal shaft employs,
 And soonest what he most adores destroys.

How cold I feel life's idle current flow,
 Where once the dancing spirits lov'd to glow !

No more these eyes with youthful rapture shine,
 Nor cheeks soft blushing speak a warmth divine;
 Graceful no more amid the festive dance
 My steps with easy dignity advance,
 And all the glossy locks, whose ringlets spread
 O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
 Cease the neat labours of my hand to know;
 Ill suits the care of elegance with woe!

Why did not Nature, when she gave to charm,
 With unrelenting pride my bosom arm?
 Why was my soul its tender pity taught,
 Each soft affection, and each generous thought?
 Hence spring my sorrows, hence with sighs I
 prove

How feeble woman, and how fierce is love.

In unavailing streams my tears are shed;
 Sad Laura's bliss is with Lorenzo fled.
 For thee, false Youth, was every joy resign'd,
 Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of
 mind;

Are these the constant vows thy tongue profest,
 When first thy arms my yielding beauties prest?
 Thus did thy kiss dispel my empty fears?
 Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears?
 Thus swore thy lips by ocean, earth, and sky;
 By Hell's dread powers, and Heaven's all-piercing
 eye?

Yawns not the grave for thee ? why sleeps the
storm

To blast thy limbs, and rend thy perjur'd form ?
Unmov'd, O faithless, canst thou hear my pain,
Like the proud rocks which brave th'unwearied
main ?

Sooner the ship-wreck'd pilot shall appease
With sighs the howling winds, with tears the seas,
Than Laura's prayers thy heart unfeeling move,
O lost to fame, to honour, and to love.

Nurst in dark caverns on some mountain wild
To cruel manhood grew the daring child,
No female breast supplied thy infant food,
But tygers growling o'er their savage brood.
Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were seen,
While yet this mind was guiltless, and serene.
With thee, false man, I urg'd my hasty flight,
And dar'd the horrors of tempestuous night,
Nor fear'd, with thee, through plains unknown
to rove,

Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.
In vain for me a parent's tears were shed,
And to the grave descends his hoary head.

When at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
And pour'd in tender sighs his soul away,
Fond, foolish heart ! to think the tale divine !
Why started not my hands when prest in thine ?

Too

Too well remembrance paints the fatal hour
 When Love, great conqueror, summon'd all his
 power ;

When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,
 And your pale lips all trembled with desire ;
 Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
 From every pore distill'd the chilling dew,
 When Shame presaging spoke each future pain,
 And struggling Virtue arm'd my soul in vain.
 But O let silence all my weakness veil,
 And burning blushes only tell the tale.

A h! faithless man! and thou more wretched
 maid,

To guilt, and grief, and misery betray'd !
 Far flies thy lover : to some distant plain
 Now cleaves his bounding bark the peaceful main ;
 Avenging Heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
 Bid howl the blackening storm, and thunder roar,
 'Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
 Now sink to hell, and now ascend the pole ;
 Then on some plank o'er foaming billows borne,
 Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch shall
 mourn,

But mourn in vain : his vigorous arm shall fail,
 Guilt sink him down, and angry Heaven prevail ;
 No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
 But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.

Yet

Yet ah fond heart ! avert, kind Heaven, the
stroke,

My heart denies what trembling lips have spoke.
The varying accents real nature prove,
And only show how wild a thing is love.
Go, much lov'd youth, with every blessing
crown'd,

And Laura's wishes ever guard thee round,
Me to the silent shades and sad retreat,
Where Love's expiring flames forget their heat,
Death woos all-powerful : ere he parts the clew,
Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu :
Bids Health, and Affluence every bliss afford ;
Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd ;
In ease, in mirth glide each glad hour away ;
No pain to spot thy fortune's cloudless day ;
Nor sigh to swell, no tear to flow for me :
O grant Heav'n all ; but grant thee constancy.

Yet from my hand this last address receive,
This last address is all that hand can give.
In vain thy bark with spreading canvas flies,
If these sad lines shall meet thy conscious eyes,
And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
The winds and waters waft the voice of Love ;
That voice, O grant what dying lips implore,
Asks but one tear from thee ; and asks no more.

Then

Then world, farewell ; farewell life's fond
desires,

False flattering hopes, and Love's tormenting fires.

Already, Death, before my closing eyes

Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise.

Hark ! hear I not for me yon' passing bell

Toll forth, with frequent pause, its sullen knell ?

Waits not for me yon' sexton on his spade,

Blythe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made ?

Say, why in lengthen'd pomp yon' sable train,

With measur'd steps, slow stalk along the plain ?

Say, why yon' herse with fading flowers is crown'd,

And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge re-
sound ?

Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,

Secure to you, my weary limbs I trust.

Dim burns life's lamp ; O Death, thy work
complete,

And give my soul to gain her last retreat.

Such as before the birth of Nature sway'd,

Ere springing Light the first great word obey'd,

Let Silence reign—come, Fate, exert thy might :

And Darkness wrap me in eternal Night.

[28]

TO

HIS GRACE

The Duke of Newcastle,

CHANCELLOR

OF

The University of Cambridge,

*On his establishment of annual prizes for
the encouragement of Classical Studies,*

1752.

SATIRE, my Lord, in vain directs the dart,
To mend the world, and moralize the heart.
None help our weakness, who our anger raise;
Not so the lenient balm of honest praise;
Of innate virtue Glory fans the flame,
Till generous spirits take a loftier aim,
Proud to deserve : nor stop the course begun,
But urge applauded till the palm is won.

Exulting

Exulting Greece the prize of fame decreed
 To manly strength, and to the rapid steed;
 Nor shine alone her conquering arms renown'd;
 The page historic, and the muse she crown'd:
 Each rival art contending nations fir'd,
 And heroes kindled as the Muse inspir'd;
 Victorious hence, above the waste of years,
 Majestic still her awful front she rears,
 While from her fertile source and reverend laws
 Adoring Genius every model draws,
 Then points th'example to each distant time
 Of all in arts, or arms, or life, sublime.

Not less on Granta's emulating plain
 Lo! Science hastes to crown her youthful train,
 And while her Muses strike the grateful string,
 'Tis you, my Lord, inspire the verse they sing:
 The harp of Flaccus a Mæcenas strung;
 Augustus listen'd, and a Virgil sung;
 Drawn from obscure retreats unheard, unknown,
 To shine in courts, familiar near a throne,
 Their polish'd song delight refin'd supply'd,
 The courtier's pleasure, and the monarch's pride;
 Nor vainly smiling in the social hour
 The great descended from the pomp of power;
 The faithful wreath the poet's hand bestow'd,
 Where wit has flourish'd, or where arts have
 flow'd,

Through

Through ages lasts, with verdure still the same,
 Bright and unfading, like the poet's fame;
 Grac'd with that wreath th'unfullied column
 stands,

Nor touch'd by Fate, nor Envy's fiercer hands.

Long ere the world a George or Holles knew,
 Monarchs have reign'd, and statesmen toil'd
 like you,

Ardent the rage of Faction to oppose,
 Wakeful themselves to give the world repose;
 Oblivion's night o'er all their virtues spread,
 Unsung they perish'd with the general dead;
 The warrior's trophies, and the patriot's bust
 All yield to Time, and mingle with the dust,
 Like them destroy'd, when Fate the thread
 has run,

The kingdoms these have sav'd, or those have
 won;

Arts which they favour'd once alone survive,
 With those once favour'd Arts is theirs to live;
 For not with them their lofty Virtues sleep:
 The Muses round the tomb their vigils keep,
 Of Honour's awful dome the guardian train,
 Bid Time recede, and lift his scythe in vain.

Proceed, my Lord: still act th'illustrious part;
 Demand the praises of a grateful heart;

Still

Still bid your Granta's envied glories rise,
 Proud of new honours which your hand supplies;
 Thus while her Arts their active fires diffuse,
 Your fame shall join the triumphs of the Muse.
 Others with you amidst the public care
 Of power, of place, of fortune claim a share;
 Here will you shine unrivall'd and alone,
 The joy, the gift, the glory all your own;
 Not less the triumph, than when first the sound
 "All hail! re-echo'd the glad roofs around,
 When each proud dome admir'd the glittering
 show,

And Cam with listening wave forgot to flow.

Ingenuous Youths! whom just Ambition fires,
 Who love the Muse, and whom the Muse in-
 spires,

Your eager hopes to nobler objects raise,
 And hail this omen of your happier praise.
 While Fancy's eye the ideal scene supplies,
 See sages long rever'd around you rise,
 Who in these shades were studious to explore
 All Science opens from her sacred store;
 Who taught how light refracts her various ray,
 The central force, the comet's wond'rous way;
 Search'd what the vegetable kingdom yields,
 The flowery plant, and phyfic of the fields;

Or

Or who, by antient error unconfin'd,
 Trac'd from its birth the progress of the mind ;
 Who weigh'd th'eternal laws which nature gave,
 Which makes no tyrant, and which knows no
 slave;

Or show'd how faith and reason are the same,
 And rais'd devotion to a purer flame ;
 Who Britain's stile adorn'd, and rugged sense,
 With polish'd dress of Grecian eloquence,
 Such as the pale and silent Factions hear,
 When Freedom's period strikes the astonish'd ear,
 Or who to numbers musically free
 Gave the rich charm of sweet variety ;
 While Gallia blushes, in whose formal lines
 The same cold order verse and prose confines,
 Nor dares to bold expression's force aspire
 That burns congenial with a Briton's fire ;
 O think their spirits all around you stand
 Of Granta's former sons the glorious band,
 Your active thoughts their inspirations move,
 Prompt every wish, and every toil improve,
 That emulation once they felt renew,
 And smile to see themselves revive in you.

My Lord, in early life's yet dawning hour,
 Ere your young Genius reach'd th'ascent of
 power,

With

With just ambition, and with taste refin'd,
 To stretch to ampler bounds your growing mind,
 And grasp the palms of true applauding fame,
 Like these were once your tasks, like these your
 aim ;

'Twas thus, retir'd in Granta's thoughtful seat,
 You learn'd for Britain to be wise and great,
 Turn'd with a true delight the Roman lore,
 And drew from Grecian mines the polish'd ore ;
 Ev'n then the Muse, 'midst studies more severe,
 Could win with Virgil's sweets your polish'd ear,
 What charm'd Mæcenas could your smile en-
 gage,

And mark a Holles for a future age ;
 But chief from pages rich with manly sense
 You gather'd flowers of genuine eloquence,
 And from historic volumes search'd the true,
 How kingdoms fell, and infant empires grew,
 How sages counsell'd, and how warriors bled,
 While the young patriot kindled as he read,
 Then mix'd where life in active labours join'd
 To these the last great study of mankind,
 There shone confest with freeborn zeal elate,
 To save from Faction's rage the nodding state,
 With faithful virtues to surround a throne,
 And crop the honours of mature renown.

Nor think, my Lord, amid the stream of
things

That blends the name of statesmen and of kings,
Yours too shall perish, while on Granta's plain,
Chear'd by your smiles, abide the Muse's train,
Proud, that with them, amidst the paths of truth,
To noblest toils was form'd thy rising youth,
Pleas'd, that to them, thy filial love the same,
Extends thy greatness, and reflects thy fame.



TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

Q. Horatii Flacci Carminum,

LIBER I. ODE XVII.

Ad TYNDARIDEM.

VELOX amoenum saepe Lucretilem
 Mutat Lycao Faunus, et igneam
 Defendit aestatem capellis
 Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.
 Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
 Quaerunt latentes et thyma deviae
 Olentis uxores mariti:
 Nec virides metuunt colubros,
 Nec Martiales hoeduleae lupos ;
 Utcunque dolci, Tyndari, fistula
 Valles, et Usticae cubantis
 Levia personuere faxa,

H O R A C E.

BOOK I. ODE XVII.

Invitation to his Mistress. Translated.

OF T Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
And to the Sabine hill retreats :
He guards my flocks from rushing rain,
From piercing winds, and scorching heats.

Where lurks the thyme, or shrubs appear,
My wanton kids securely play ;
My goats no pois'nous serpent fear,
Safe wandering through the woodland way ;

No hostile wolf the fold invades ;
Ustica's pendent rocks rebound
My song ; and all the sylvan shades,
By Echo taught, return the sound.

Di me tuentur : Dis pietas mea
 Et musa cordi est. hinc tibi copia
 Manabit ad plenum benigno
 Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
 Hic in reducta valle Caniculæ
 Vitabis aestus, et fide Teia
 Dices laborantes in uno
 Penelopen vitreamque Circen.
 Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
 Duces sub umbra : nec Semeleius
 Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
 Proelia : nec metues protervum
 Suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
 Incontinentes injiciat manus,
 Et scindat haerentem coronam
 Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

LIBER II. ODE VI.

Ad SEPTIMIUM.

SEPTIMI Gades aditure mecum, et
 Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, et
 Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper
 Aestuât unda :

Tibur

The Gods my verse propitious hear,
 My head from every danger shield:
 For you, o'erflows the bounteous year,
 And Plenty's horn hath heap'd my field.

Responsive to the Teian string,
 Within the sun-defended vate,
 Here, softly warbling you shall sing
 Each tender, tuneful, amorous tale.

No rival, here, shall burst the bands
 That wreath my charmer's beauteous hair,
 Nor seize her weakly struggling hands;
 But Love and Horace guard the fair.

BOOK II. ODE VI.

Imitated.

BEVIL, who with your friend would roam,
 Far from your England's happier home,
 Should e'er the Fates that friend detain
 In gayer France, or graver Spain,

Tibur Argeo positum colono
 Sit meae sedes utinam senectae ;
 Sit modus lassio maris, et viarum,
 Militiaeque.

Unde si Parcae prohibent iniquae,
 Dulce pellitis ovibus Galefi
 Flumen, et regnata petam Laconi
 Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
 Angulus ridet ; ubi non Hymetto
 Mella decedunt, viridique certat

Bacca Venafro ;

Ver ubi longum, tepidasque praebet
 Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon
 Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis

Invidet uvis :

Ille te mecum locus, et beatae
 Postulant arces : ibi tu calentem
 Debita sparges lacryma favillam
 Vatis amici.

Know, all my wish is to retreat,
 When age shall quench my youthful heat,
 In Kentish shades sweet peace to find,
 And leave the sons of care behind.

But should this pleasing hope be vain;
 May I fair Windsor's seat attain,
 Where Loddon's gentle waters glide,
 And flocks adorn its flowery side ;

Sweet groves, I love your silent shades,
 Your russet lawns, and opening glades ;
 With fam'd Italia's plains may vie
 Your fertile fields, and healthful sky.

Here, let our eve of life be spent ;
 Here, friend shall live with friend content :
 Here, in cold earth my limbs be laid ;
 And here, thy generous tear be paid.

LIBER II. ODE XII.

Ad MAECENATEM.

NOLIS longa ferae bella Numantiae,
 Nec dirum Annibalem, nec Siculum mare
 Poeno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
 Aptari citharae modis ;
 Nec saevos Lapithas, et nimium mero
 Hylaeum ; domitosque Herculeæ manu
 Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
 Fulgens contremuit domus
 Saturni veteris : tuque pedestribus
 Dices historiis proelia Caesaris,
 Maecenas, melius, ductaque per vias
 Regum colla minantium.
 Me dulces dominae Musæ Licymniae
 Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum
 Fulgentes oculos, et bene mutuis
 Fidum pectus amoribus :

Quam

BOOK II. ODE XII. *Translated.*

To MÆCENAS.

THE wars of Numrantia and Hannibal dire,
 On land, or on ocean the fighting,
 Mæcnas, ne'er suited my peaceable lyre,
 In subjects much softer delighting.

You love not of Centaurs embattled to hear,
 Nor of Giants, a tale of such wonder,
 Who shook all the skies, made Jupiter fear,
 Till drove by Alcides and thunder.

In prose, my good patron, much nobler you write,
 As your topic than these is much better,
 How Cæsar with glory can govern and fight,
 And lead haughty kings in his fetter.

Alone my gay Muse of Licymnia would sing,
 The constant, good-natur'd, and pretty,
 So graceful to dance with the maids in a ring,
 So sparkling, so merry, and witty;

While

Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris,
 Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia
 Ludentem nitidis virginibus, sacro
 Dianae celebris die.

Num tu, quae tenuit dives Achaemenes,
 Aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes
 Permutare velis crine Licymniae,
 Plenas aut Arabum domos ?
 Dum fragrantia detorquet ad oscula
 Cervicem, aut facili faevitia negat,
 Quae poscente magis, gaudeat eripi,
 Interdum rapere occupet.

LIBER III. ODE IX.

Ad LYDIAM.

HOR. **D**ONEC gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae
 Cervici juvenis dabat ;
 Perfarum vigui rege beatior.

LYD. Donec non alia magis
 Arfisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen ;
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

HOR.

While you play with her hair, that is carelessly
curl'd,

While this way, now that way she twitches,
Of your teasing so softly complaining, no world
Could bribe for one lock with its riches.

In the arms of your nymph, how transporting
the joy !

Who whimsical, wanton, amuses ;
Who pleasingly forward, or prettily coy,
Oft snatches the kiss she refuses.

H O R A C E and L Y D I A.

BOOK III. ODE IX. *Translated.*

HOR. **W**HILE Horace with Lydy was blest,
You little, coquetish, wild thing,
Your arms had no rival carest,
And I was as great as a King.

LYD. While Horace to Lydy was true,
Nor Chloe more charming was seen,
My heart never wander'd from you,
And I was as great as a Queen.

HOR.

HOR. Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharae sciens;
Pro qua non metuam mori,
Si parcent animae fata superstiti.

LYD. Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HOR. Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloe,
Rejectaeque patet janua Lydiae?

LYD. Quanquam fidere pulchrior
Ille est; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria:
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

HOR. But Lydy no longer must fway ;
 'Tis now for dear Chloe to reign ;
 She sings, and she dances so gay,
 I'd die if but Chloe remain.

LYD. Then know I can scorn such a Rover ;
 My thoughts other beauties employ,
 Let Lydy die over and over,
 But long live her loving lov'd boy.

HOR. Yet suppose my first ardors should burn,
 Each effort for freedom be vain ;
 Should Chloe be scorn'd in her turn,
 And Lydy be Charmer again.

LYD. Tho' he were as bright as a star,
 Thou fickle, and rough as the sea,
 Dear Horace, all jealousy far,
 I'd live and die loving with thee.

E P I T A P H E

De Mademoiselle de Conty Marie de Bourbon.

Par MALHERBE.

TU vois, Passant, la sépulture
D'un chef d'œuvre si précieux,
Qu'avoir mille Rois pour ayeux
Fut le moins de son aventure.

O quel affront a la nature !
Et quelle injustice de cieux ?
Qu'un moment ait fermé les yeux
D'un si belle créature.

On doute pour quelle raison
Les destins, si hors de saison,
De ce monde l'ont appelée ;

Mais leur prétexte le plus beau,
C'est que la terre étoit brûlée
S'ils n'eussent tué ce flambeau.

EPITAPH TRAVESTIED.

From MALHERBE.

WITHIN this tomb Corinna lies,
 Her face was fair, and bright her eyes,
 Well-skill'd to joke, to dance, and sing,
 Nor less at any other thing.
 What dire affront to female charms
 Which Death so cruelly disarms!
 What could be envious Fate's pretence
 To snatch a nymph so yielding hence?
 Let none repine who knew her best,
 Fate meant all matters well, at least,
 Who saw what mischief was begun,
 And fearing that the fire should run,
 Put out the torch, good prudent dame,
 Which might have set the world on flame.

DUBII AMOROSI.

Di PETRARCHA.

S'AMOR non è, che dunque quel ch'io sento?
 Ma s'egli è Amor, per Dio che cosa è quale?
 S'è buona, ond' è l'effetto aspro è mortale?
 S'è ria, ond' è sì dolce ogni tormento?

S'a mia voglia ardo, ond' è 'l pianto è 'l lamento?
 S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale?
 O Viva Morte! o dilettofo male!
 Come puoi tant in me s'io no'l consento?

E s'io 'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio,
 Frà sì contrari venti, in frale barca,
 Mi trovo in alto mar senza governo.

Si lieve di saper, d'error si carica
 Ch'ì medesimo non sò quel ch'io mi voglio,
 E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.

L'ORO.

The INCONSISTENT LOVER.

Translated from P E T R A R C H.

IF Love it is not, what is this I feel?
 If Love it is, so strange a thing explain?
 If good, why does it grief and death conceal?
 If bad, why mixes pleasure with its pain?

Willing I love; then wherefore mourn my woes?
 My tears enjoy'd, why should I oft' repent?
 Joy, sorrow, life and death my lot compose;
 How can I love, yet not to Love consent?

If I consent, repeated sighs are vain;
 My varying bark no friendly port can gain,
 The sport of every breeze that swells the stormy
 main.

While short my judgment, great my error shows,
 My varying wishes would themselves oppose,
 Like heat in winter, and in summer snows.

L'OROLOGIO.

Di PETRARCHA.

OROLOGIO son io
 I pensier son le rote,
 E la squilla è il mio core,
 Ove lasso percote
 L'hore; e i minuti col suo stral Amor:
 E la vostra bellezza ch'io sospiro
 E' il caro centro, intorno a cui m'aggiro.

J. Marriott inv^t et delin^t

The W A T C H.

Imitated from PETRARCH.

FAIREST of Maids, whose beauteous
hands receive

The gift of love, this regular machine,
The thoughts of him who loves thy charms,
believe,

Move ever constant as the wheels within.

The silver bell on which the hammer beats;

Tells what the momentary sum amounts,
Like his fond heart, where Love each hour repeats,
And strikes his pointed arrow while he counts.

Each hour that flies I mark its tedious way ;

For thee alone my thoughts with ardour burn ;
Though slow the hand, Love cannot bear delay,
Thyself the center where my wishes turn.

IL BACIO.

Di MARINI.

O BACI avventurosi,
 Ristoro de miei mali,
 Chi di nettare al cor cibo porgete,
 Spiriti rugiadosi,
 Sensi d'Amor vitali
 Che'n breve giro il viver mio chiudete;
 In voi le più segrete
 Dolcezze, et piu profonde
 Provo talhor, che con sommessi accenti,
 Interrotti lamenti,
 Lascivetti desiri,
 Languidetti sospiri,
 Trà rubino è rubino Amor confonde.

The K I S S.

Translated from MARINI.

YE happy Kisses, waking Beauty's power,
That feed with Nectar the insatiate heart,
While their blest dews your breathing spirits
shower,
The struggling soul would from its prison
part;

I now have all your secret treasures found;
From lip to wanton lip by turns ye stray,
The mingling pleasure knows not any bound,
And life itself dissolves too fast away;

While sighings short, and murmurs utter'd low,
With downcast looks, and languishing desires,
Whispers that sooth, and tears that softly flow,
Increase the flame of Love's impetuous fires.

E P I T R E

Du Roi de Prusse à Monsieur Voltaire.

CROYEZ que si j'étois, Voltaire,
 Particulier aujourd'hui,
 Me contentant du nécessaire,
 Je verrois envoler la Fortune légère,
 Et m'en mocquerois comme lui.
 Je connois l'ennui des grandeurs,
 Le fardeau des devoirs, le jargon des flatteurs,
 Et tout l'amas des petiteſſes,
 Et leurs genres et leurs eſpeces,
 Dont il faut s'occuper dans le ſein des honneurs.
 Je mepriſe la vain gloire,
 Quoique Poëte et Souverain,
 Quand du cifeau fatal retranchant mon deſtin
 Atropos m'aura vu plongé dans la nuit noire,
 Que m'importe l'honneur incertain
 De vivre apres ma mort au temple de Memoire ?
 Un inſtant de bonheur vaut mille ans dans
 l'hiſtoire,

E P I S T L E

*From his Prussian Majesty to M. de Voltaire
translated.*

BELIEVE the dictates of my heart,
Were mine, Voltaire, a private part
On life's sequester'd scene,
With competence, like you, content,
I should not heed how Fortune went,
In every change serene.
The flatterer's cant, the weary hour
Of empty forms, and anxious power,
Alas! too well I know,
What trifles swell the farce of state,
How very little are the great
In Honours tawdry show.
Tho' Poet, Monarch, I despise
False glories that deceive the wise,
And what the vain engage.
With empty toil are laurels won,
If but, when busy life is done,
To fill an idle page.

Nos destins sont ils donc si beaux ?

Le doux Plaisir et la Mollesse,

La vive et naïve Allegresse

Ont toujours fui des grands, la pompe, et les
faïceaux,

Nes pour la liberté leurs troupes enchantresses

Preferent l'aimable paresse

Aux austeres devoirs guides de nos travaux.

Aussi la Fortune volage

N'a jamais causé mes ennuis,

Soit qu'elle m'agaçe, ou qu'elle m'outrage,

Je dormirai toutes les nuits

En lui refusant mon hommage.

Mais notre état nous fait loi,

Il nous oblige, il nous engage

A mesurer notre courage,

Sur ce qu'exige notre emploi.

One happy moment well employ'd
Surpasses far, when well enjoy'd,

A thousand years of fame.

Whence flows the boasted bliss of Kings!

Each joy from social life that springs

To us is but a name.

Far off from Grandeur's restless eye

Gay Wit, and native Pleasures fly,

The busy and the great,

But ever jocund, ever free

On pleasing Peace, and Liberty,

Their laughing train await.

Not such the rugged toils which claim

My thoughts, and urge my forward aim

In Honour's dang'rous road.

The debt of Nature's lot I pay,

In equal steady ballance weigh

Its evil and its good.

That Law to which a crown I owe

Bids me on others to bestow

My cares, no more my own,

And equal to the birth it gave

Demands a heart as highly brave,

The duties of a throne.

Voltaire dans sons hermitage,
 Dans un païs dont l'heritage
 Est son antique bonne foi,
 Peut s'addonner en paix a la vertu du sage
 Dont Platon nous marqué la loi.
 Pour moi menacé du naufrage,
 Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
 Penser, vivre, et mourir en Roi.

O D E
 S U R L A M O R T.

*Par L'Auguste Auteur des Memoires des Bran-
 denbourg.*

CIEL! il est donc vrai! peu d'années,
 Peut-etre peu de jours, peut-etre peu d'in-
 stants,
 Ameneront ce point marqué des destinées
 Qui pour moi finira le tems.
 Soleil! que tant des fois mes yeux ont vu renaître
 Tu vas donc pour jamais à leur vuë disparoitre.

How different are the Fates assign'd !

To you, Voltaire, a quiet mind,

The philosophic eye,

To me, while round the tempest falls,

To stand the storm, where Virtue calls,

A King to live and die.

O D E

O N D E A T H.

Written by his Majesty the King of Prussia.

Translated.

WHAT does the sad presaging
mean ?

Few days, few years, perhaps few moments urge

My footsteps to the dreary verge,

Where Fate the curtain drops to close the scene :

Then farewell ! Life and Light ! and thou blest

Sun serene.

Earth,

Terre, sur moi tu vas ecrouler.

Tout l'univers m'échape, et me livre à l'abîme :

J'y touche, le torrent entraine la victime

Sous le coup qui va l'immoler.

L'implacable Mort m'environne ;

Je marche à ses cotés ; dans ses bras je m'endors ;

Avec les alimens que son souffle empoisonne,

Je m'incorpore mille Morts ;

L'eau, l'air, le feu, la terre à ma perte conspirent ;

Au dedans, au dehors tour à tour me déchirent,

M'embrasent, vont me submerger.

L'art m'offre son secours ; il m'est souvent un piège ;

Et jamais je n'échape au danger qui m'assiège

Qu'à l'aide d'un nouveau danger.

Bientot de cette Idole altière,

De ce corps qui maîtrise aujourd'hui mon Esprit,

Il ne restera plus que la vile pousière,

Grand Dieu ! dont ta main le paitrit.

Bientot pale, sanglant, livide, infect, horrible,

Des insectes rongé . . . loin image terrible !

J'expire

Earth, o'er me rolls thy mighty bed ;
 The world recedes ; I view the grave profound :
 Of life I touch the utmost bound ;
 And rush to mix a victim with the dead,
 Where Fate embraces all, and none can back-
 ward tread.

While yet I wake or sleep, there stand
 Ten thousand Deaths in arms ; before, behind,
 They press me round ; and ev'ry wind
 Wafts the contagion from each distant land,
 And all the Elements conspire to arm the dreadful
 band ;

Within, without, above, below,
 By turns they sink, or rend my feeble frame,
 Now chill, now urge the vital flame,
 Till Nature's tortur'd stream forgets to flow,
 And Art itself but proves a still more dangerous foe.

Dust to its Dust will soon return
 This mortal part, proud Tyrant of the Mind,
 Nor leave of all its pomp behind,
 But horrid lessons human Pride should learn,
 Foul Worms, and Blood, and Stench that fill the
 Royal Urn.

Recede,

J'expire si tu me poursuis.

Et d'un visible orgueil j'ose encor me repaître ?

Et je puis à l'aspect de ce que je vais être

Idolâtrer ce que je suis ?

De ce souffle actif, qui m'anime,

Qui vit, qui pense en moi quel sera le destin ?

Du pouvoir de la Mort trop illustre victime,

Pourroit il fondre dans son sein ?

Dans le sein de la Mort ? lui dont l'intelligence

Embrasse l'univers, sonde sa propre essence,

Lui qui connoit le Dieu vivant ?

Non, non, qui te connoit sans fin te doit con-
noître,

Dieu des Dieux ! ton idée attachée à mon Etre

Le munit contre le Néant.

Ah ! mon oeil perce le nuage :

Tu m'éclaires ; quel bien, quel espoir m'est
permis ?

Torrens de volupté ! ferez vous mon partage ?

Au juste seul il sont promis,

L'impie en expirant fendra dans ses abîmes,

Où ta haine eternisse un peuple de victimes,

Qu'à jamais ton bras doit frapper.

Quoi ?

Recede, ye base, and servile train,
 I cannot be the mighty thing ye say;
 The wretched object of a day,
 Which flatter'd Fancy would exalt in vain,
 I know what I must be, and what I am disdain.

But warm'd with Heaven's eternal flame,
 Shall that which lives, which thinks, the Mind
 Be fleeting as the empty wind?
 Or say, can Death its active efforts tame,
 O God, who first inspir'd this animated frame?

No: for the Mind above the grave
 Unfetter'd springs, and searching Nature's
 stores

It knows itself, and thee adores,
 Secure, O God, whose word its being gave,
 That what created first has certain power to save;

While thus of Death dispels the cloud,
 Can sensual joy life's narrow view confine?
 True Virtue feels the hope divine
 Of bliss sincere: not so the guilty crowd;
 Thy arm for ever blasts the wicked and the proud.

Quoi ? grand Dieu ! pour jamais le ciel ou le
tartare !

L'un ou l'autre m'attend ; un souffle m'en separe ;
Et le plaisir peut m'occuper ?

Une foule d'objets m'attache ;
Ciel ! à quelles douleurs suis-je donc destiné ?
C'est en le déchirant qu'à la terre on arrache
Un arbre trop enraciné.

Vains fantomes de biens qu'un oeil jaloux m'envie,
De quels noeuds vos attraits m'enchainent à la vie ?
Je dois les rompre, quels efforts !

De quels traits armez vous le bras qui me menace ?
Dans une seule Mort dont l'attente me glace
Combien m'apretez vous de Morts ?

Que vois-je ! o spectacle ! o surprise !
La Mort sur les chemins auroit perdu ses droits,
Nul destin, nul effort, nul voeu, nulle entreprise
Qui soient mesurés à ses loix.
L'erreur a de leurs jours eternisé l'espace,

Great God ! and is eternal pain
 Or joy of Heaven reserv'd for me in store ?
 Thy breath but wafts to either shore ;
 Scarce can the tortur'd mind the thought
 sustain ;
 I fly forbidden joys, the sensual, and the vain.

Yet fast to earth is Nature bound :
 Back on its wonted objects turns the Mind,
 And lags the slave of life behind :
 While Reason's efforts are too painful found
 To rend the rooted oak that loves its native
 ground.

Objects of every jealous eye,
 Ye dreams of mortal good, that swift decay,
 How do ye stop my destin'd way ?
 And force me back the paths of sense to try ?
 Ye point the sting of Death, and more than once
 I die.

Scenes of astonishment ! the world how
 blind !
 Is Death deprived of all his mighty power ?
 Do none expect the fatal hour ?
 Is there a wish to Nature's bounds confin'd ?
 Is there a scheme forgot, or toil for this resign'd ?

Chacun sans voir de terme, acquiert, enleve,
entasse,

Court aux honneurs, vole aux combats,
Et celui qui tremblant sous cent hyvers succombe,
Plein d'un nouveau projet sur le bord de la tombe,
Perit du coup qu'il n'attend pas.

Volez à travers mille orages,
A travers mille ecueils, mille gouffres ouverts ;
Allez, troupe effrénée ! au mepris des naufrages
Depouiller un autre univers ;
Pour vous entr'arracher l'idole qui vous charme,
Tentez tout, osez tout ; que votre soif m'allarme
Pour le Pupille et les Autels ;
Vous n'etes plus--à voir vos tresors innombrables,
Vos soupirs, vos projets, vos vœux insatiables,
Qui vous eut pû croire mortels ?

Toi,

See Mortals still acquire, assume,
 As if more vigilant they Death could shun,
 To honours fly, to combats run,
 And he whose footsteps tremble o'er the tomb
 Builds up new plans of life, and sudden meets
 his doom.

Rush on, ye madding train,
 A thousand rocks, a thousand storms despise,
 To reach the good ye idolize :
 Go, of accumulated wealth be vain :
 Go, ravage other worlds, if other worlds remain ;

Let neither law, nor power divine,
 Nor Nature's anxious Monitor within
 Repress each greatly daring Sin ;
 Go : bid with want the plunder'd Orphan
 pine,
 And with polluted hands disturb each sacred
 Shrine ;

Proceed : but soon your views are past ;
 Accurst, at once ye droop, and are no more :
 Who would not think, to see your store,
 That all the projects your Ambition cast
 Beyond the grave were stretch'd, and would
 for ever last ?

Toi, dont la flamme et le carnage
 Marquent, fier Conquerant ! les pas ensanglantés,
 Sans doute l'univers te verra d'âge en âge
 Regner sur cent climats domptés,
 Poussière ambitieuse au neant échapée !
 Quel fruit des attentats de ta fatale épée ?
 Vaincre, triompher et mourir.
 Quoi ! tant de nations sous ton char écrasées ?
 Pour parer d'un vain tas de couronnes brisées
 Le sepulchre où tu vas pourir.
 Sur ce théâtre où disparoissent
 Les malheureux jouets des caprices du Sort,
 Mes yeux epouvantés à peine reconnoissent
 L'homme aux prises avec la Mort.
 Je renonce aux parfums de Flore,
 Aux roses qu'elle fait éclore
 Pour le myrte et le cyprès.

Mais quoi ? dans ce moment de douleur et de
 peine,
 Où paroît à mes yeux dans toute sa clarté
 La redoutable verité ;
 Quel pouvoir inconnu malgré moi me ramene

[71]

Ye mighty Leaders, mighty Kings,
 With flames, and blood, whose battles mark
 your way,
 Do Monarchs hope eternal sway ?
 In vain each distant clime its tribute brings,
 Sprung from the dust ye mix with long for-
 gotten things.

Himself the Victor cannot save ;
 If but to die is yours, how short is Glory's
 sum ?

In vain ye fought and overcome,
 Nor aught avail the spoils Ambition gave
 To hang with conquer'd crowns the putrid
 Monarch's grave.

On Nature's theatre display'd
 All is the sport of Death ; the change I fear ;
 New objects rise, then disappear ;
 Around my brows the cypress casts a shade ;
 I scorn the sweets of life, and all its roses fade.

Yet 'midst this sage, but painful lore,
 While awful truths their sacred light reveal,
 What means this latent wish I feel ?
 Is then my bosom's Lord itself no more ?
 Wretch ! that I drag new chains more ponderous
 than before.

Au dedale du monde et de la verité ?

Que de nouveaux liens ! Quoi l'Ame est souveraine ?

Cette Ame, que la moindre chaine
Insensiblement entraine

A l'autel de la Volupté ?

Helas ! notre raison facilement faillie

Aux écarts insensés de notre frenesie,

Et l'univers sont en effet

Le Theatre de la Folie,

D'acteurs tous dignes du sifflet.

Ainsi la Carpe à peine echape

Des pieges de l'adroit pecheur,

Que retombant en son erreur

Le meme hameçon la ratrape.

Ce changement perpetuel,

Voltaire, où notre esprit se plie,

Sa facile inconstance et sa superficie,

Ce passage furnaturel

De la sombre melancolie

Au plaisir le plus vif et le plus sensuel,

Du songe imposteur de la vie

Est l'unique bonheur reel.

Rules then the mind, this Lord supreme?
Which every weak, and vain allurements draws
To Pleasure's throne, and tyrant laws.
Quick we return in life from what we seem
To what we are, and wake from calm Reflexion's
dream.

As wandering Fancy leads we go;
By turns we reason, or submit to sense,
And incoherent parts commence
That fill the stage of Folly, Shame, and Woe;
Nor from the hook escap'd again the bait we
know.

Voltaire, in this eternal round
How swift our active spirits urge their way!
By both extremes deceiv'd we stray,
Now caught by sense, now lost in thought
profound,
And in the mutual change our happiness is
found.

And then the world, that is the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,
To be the world, and to be the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,
To be the world, and to be the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,<

As we have seen, and which we know,
To be the world, and to be the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,
To be the world, and to be the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,
To be the world, and to be the world,

And then the world, that is the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,
To be the world, and to be the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,
To be the world, and to be the world,
Which we have seen, and which we know,

INSCRIPTIONS

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

INSCRIPTIONS

AND OTHER

P O E M S

INSCRIPTION

Upon a Hermitage.

BENEATH this rural cell
 Sweet smiling Peace and calm Content
 Far from the busy crowd sequester'd dwell.
 Mortal, approaching near,
 The hallow'd seat revere,
 Nor bring the loud, tumultuous Passions here;
 For not for these is meant
 The sacred silence of the stream,
 Nor cave prophetic, prompting Fancy's dream;
 If, with presumption rude,
 Thy daring steps intrude,
 Know, that with jealous eye
 Peace and Content will fly;
 The thoughtful Genius of the lone abode
 And guardian Spirit of this solemn wood
 Will sure revenge the sacrilegious wrong;
 Reflection's tear will then in secret flow,
 And all the haunted solitude belong
 To Melancholy's train,
 Who point the sting of Pain
 With keen remorse, and oft redoubled woe.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION

Upon a Monument.

HOW soon with nimble wings our pleasures
haste,

And clouds involve the sunshine of the day !
The wintry storms howl o'er the dreary waste,
And fairest things tend swiftest to decay.

In dark oblivion all our glory ends ;
This morn we flourish, and the next we fade.
Time lifts his sweeping scythe, the pile descends
Where vain Ambition all her toils display'd ;

The work of nations, and the pomp of power
Sink, the once lofty spire, the dome's proud
state,

The dust receives them at the destin'd hour,
And mighty kingdoms feel the force of Fate ;

Fall, vain Ambition's pile, and lofty spires,
But spare, stern Fate, the youthful and the gay ;
Soft pity fure such innocence requires ;
And so much beauty well might Death delay.

To a Roman Catholic LADY.

CLARA, who sees that face so fair,
That mild, and yet majestic air,
With fond attention sees in thee appear
The soft Madonna Carlo could not reach,
Whose smiles more powerful than thy saints can
preach ;

With looks divinely mild,
Thus, bending o'er the heavenborn child
That round her clung, the holy Mother smil'd ;
In thee we want this circumstance to meet,
To make thy pleasing figure quite compleat.

The INCONSTANT.

To Miss —

TO answer then what you require,
You say that I am fickle : true ;
Because another I admire,
Almost, I said, my Dear, as much as you.

Yours

Yours is good humour, sober sense,
A friendly bosom, easy mien,
Lips never taught to give offence,
And looks, the image of a soul serene.

Stella is rich in every art
Of letter'd wealth, and life refin'd;
Her beauty conquers every heart,
Her modest knowledge subjugates the mind.

How sweetly Chloe sings you know,
How soft her cheek, her air how free,
What livelier maid can Britain show?
And all must like the Nymph who hear or see.

Thus to your several merits just
I love you all, sincere I own,
But blame not, if I do not trust
Too soon this heart confin'd to one alone.

Amid yon' garden's vernal pride
You saw the busy bee repair;
His vagrant way nor did you chide,
Which proves that this is sweet, and that is fair;
Within the Cowslip's bed he lies,
Now haunts the hill, now roves the vale,
And oft' the Violet he tries,
Or courts the Lilly, daughter of the dale,

But

But waves not long a careless wing
 Light, brushing all the flowery train,
 If some more pleasing child of Spring
 At length allure the rover, and detain.

CUPID PAINTER.

Sent to Cleora with her picture.

CUPID beheld Minerva's art;
 His bow aside he threw,
 Bury to act the Painter's part,
 And try with mimic toil what he could do;

The little Loves their sports resign'd,
 No longer shoot at hearts,
 His canvas spread, his colours grind,
 And into harmless pencils split their darts;

Before him smiling Venus sat
 With charms of blooming hue;
 While this he touch'd, and blended that,
 By soft degrees the beauteous image grew;

I miss, said he, my first intent,
 The features yet approve;
 Mama, for you the picture's meant,
 But the resemblance speaks 'tis Damon's Love.

The DESCRIPTION.

IN sportive mood Cleora said,
 For Poets never want a flame,
 Describe us now your fav'rite Maid,
 And let us, Damon, guess her name;

Tell what it is you love, or why;
 How tall her height, her air how gay;
 How bright, or languishing her eye?
 But not of these one word you say.

'Tis true, I love; but all in vain
 With questions you may strive to tease;
 Words cannot what I feel explain,
 Since Beauty's but a power to please.

'Tis not the tender Grace which flows
 From Guido's softly waving line,
 Nor vivid tint which, Carlo, glows
 Thro' all thy virgin forms divine,

Nor sweet Corregio's melting shade
 That spreads transparent softness round,
 Nor all that Grecian art display'd
 To make the Cyprian Queen renown'd,

Nor

Nor breathing paint, nor speaking stone,
 Can what I love in her express
 Peculiar to herself alone ;
 Describing makes the beauty less.

All that is soft, or sweet, or fair,
 The chearful converse, easy mien,
 The looks which banish every care,
 And eyes which dart a ray serene,

These with unnumber'd charms inspire
 Each mild affection of the heart ;
 Love wakes with these his fondest fire,
 And points his sharpest dart.

Let those who feel no real heat
 By wounds and deaths express their pain,
 The echo but of Love repeat,
 Which Nature's language cannot feign.

Tho' Envy's self my Delia's hair
 Will like the raven's plume allow,
 Tho' as the snow her skin be fair,
 Tho' like heaven's cloudless arch her brow,

Tho' soft her lip to speak or smile,
 Yet would the Maid with sense refin'd
 Contemn the vain poetic stile
 That springs not from a feeling mind.

Gay Vanity the song may boast
 In Fancy's flattering visions drest;
 But Truth and Nature's voice explain
 The dictates of Affection best.

CAPTAIN CUPID.

ERST, in Cythera's sacred shade,
 When Venus clasp'd the God of war,
 The laughing Loves around them play'd,
 One bore the shield, and one the spear.

The little warriors Cupid led;
 The gorget glitter'd on his breast;
 The mighty helmet o'er his head
 Nodded its formidable crest.

Oft since, to win some stubborn maid,
 Still does the wanton God assume
 The martial air, the gay cockade,
 The sword, the shoulder-knot and plume.

Phyllis had long his power defy'd,
 Resolv'd her conquests to maintain;
 His fruitless art each poet try'd:
 Each shepherd tun'd his pipe in vain;

Till Cupid came, a captain bold :
 Of trenches and of palisadoes
 He talk'd ; and many a tale he told
 Of battles, and of ambuscadoes ;

How oft' his godship had been drunk ;
 What melting maids he had undone ;
 How oft' by night had storm'd a punk,
 Or bravely beat a faucy dun ;

He swore, drank, whor'd, fung, danc'd with spirit,
 And o'er each pleasing topic ran ;
 Till Phyllis sigh'd, and own'd his merit,
 The Captain's sure a charming man.

Ye bards, on verse let Phœbus doat,
 Ye shepherds, leave your pipes to Pan ;
 Nor verse nor pipe will Phyllis note,
 The Captain is the charming man.

I N V I T A T I O N

To a Friend.

POET, Divine, Philosopher, and Wit,
 Which ever name your taste most aptly hit,
 Deign you with me to dine?
 To give a relish to my meat and wine?

No Dish French culinary arts afford
Adorns where Temperance spreads her frugal
board ;

All there you'll only see
In elegance of neat simplicity.

A brightey'd Dame for you exerts her care,
Whose lips are courteous, and whose skin is fair ;
Her you may view at ease,
Call her Philodoe, or what you please.

Where'er you are, is Mirth with Friendship
Found,
And Wit directs the dart that gives no wound ;
These it is yours to bring ;
Nor will we want what antient Poets sing ;

Gay Horace there shall come, a smiling guest,
And lofty Maro crown the classic feast ;
Your Comment they'll revere,
And think they Tucca, or a Varius hear ;

While rais'd on theirs your active thoughts
aspire,
With greater lustre you'll expand their fire,
And all will swear 'tis true
That the best Poet is best Critic too.

To the Rt. Hon. Lady Lucy Graham,
*Daughter of the Duke of Montrofs and of Lady
 Lucy Manners, now Dutcheſs of Montrofs.*

LADY, ſprung from noble line,
 Who 'midſt maturer beauties ſhine,
 The little Diamond, ſparkling in the mine,
 You demand, why Poets pay,
 Due to your charms, no tuneful lay,
 To bring your growing luſtre into day?

Gay and careleſs of controul
 While Nature bids your eyes to roll,
 Your lips but ſpeak the language of your ſoul.

Time on rich Potoſi's ſhore
 Expands each vein of lucid ore,
 And ſwells the gems of proud Golconda's ſtore;

Thus, when years are ſwiftly flown,
 Your radiance, to perfection grown,
 Will dart its beams : unrivall'd and alone;

Youths enſlav'd will form the ring
 Where Love will all his incenſe bring,
 The Nymphs will envy, and the Poets ſing;

Faded glories of the plain
 Those we now worship will remain ;
 But what their beauties lose, your charms will
 gain.

Happy will a Parent view
 Your beauties all her own renew,
 And MANNERS conquer other hearts in you.

To a LADY fitting for her Picture.

THE weary look, desponding air,
 Ill suits, my Dear, a face that's fair ;
 Resume your smiles, again supply
 The Graces caught by Fancy's eye.
 While Wilton sketches out the piece,
 We'll talk, to pass the time, of Greece ;
 Of Greece, as you have often heard,
 For warriors, and for wits rever'd ;
 The feat of Learning, and the Graces,
 Fam'd for fine arts, but finer faces ;
 Where Painters, Poets, not as since,
 Were greater held than any Prince ;
 In temples, palaces carest,
 None more the Ladies smiles possess'd ;
 For they were rich as well as clever,
 And riches were successful ever ;

Priests,

Priests, Senates, Nations, Kings desir'd
 The works their heaven-taught art inspir'd,
 And if a pencil chanc'd to drop,
 An Alexander pick'd it up;
 Beauties would run to be sketch'd over;
 The haughty Prince, tho' much a lover,
 Once for the copy, payment small,
 Resign'd up the original,
 The fair Campaspé's matchless charms,
 More conquering than the Monarch's arms,
 To one Apelles; one who drew
 The Queen of Love, as Wilson you.

Each lovely maid; of Greece the toast,
 Such as our British isle can boast,
 In all their native beauty gay,
 As Hebé young, and sweet as May,
 Before him fate: from one he chose
 The eye which Love half seem'd to close;
 This lent a face divinely fair,
 A mild, and yet majestic air;
 That gave what art in vain would seek,
 The spirits mantling in the cheek,
 And lips that softness seem'd to speak.
 Thus, from their various charms combin'd,
 One perfect Whole impress'd his mind;
 But had Apelles painted now,
 He might, my Dear, have copied you,

And,

And, as in truth I think was done,
 He would have from the picture run,
 And left the Venus but begun,
 To sacrifice the pride of art
 To the bright Goddess of his heart,
 And given up an immortal claim,
 For beauty's prize, the prize of fame.

RINALDO and ARMIDA.

To a Lady singing.

THE Goldfinch swells his little throat,
 And loudly pours his rural note ;
 High poiz'd above his nest in air
 The shrill Lark chaunts his matins clear ;
 At evening brown, in woodland dale
 Soft gurgling trills her amorous tale
 The solitary Nightingale ;
 But what avails, ye feather'd throng
 Of warblers wild, your feeble song ?
 Our varying passions can ye move
 With warmer hope, or fonder love ?
 Or run your notes th'enchanting round
 Through all the Labyrinths of sound ?

As breathes some soft angelic strain
 When midnight spreads her solemn reign,
 Entranc'd the lonely Hermit lies,
 And tastes ideal Paradise,
 When at Armida's feet he lay
 So sigh'd Rinaldo's soul away;
 His tongue in mute attention bound,
 His ear in rapture drank the sound,
 While magic numbers lull'd the sense,
 And held swift thought in sweet suspense.

The mimic voice repeat the gales
 That sigh along the flowery vales;
 The flowery vales, the falling floods,
 The rising rocks, and waving woods
 To the sighing gales reply,
 Redoubling all the Harmony.

The Zephyrs, ever mild and fair,
 Who lightly fan the vernal air,
 Learn from Armida's voice the strain,
 And whispering tell it to the main.
 Whene'er, the foaming billows flowing,
 The wintry storms are fiercely blowing,
 When sable clouds invade the Pole,
 And lightnings dart, and thunders roll,
 Th'Enchantress can the rage appease,
 And clear the skies, and smooth the seas.

When

When hurried to th'infernal coast,
 His beauteous bride the Thracian lost,
 Sure, hapless Youth ! so sweet a spell
 Once more had charm'd the powers of Hell ;
 Or if such had been the song
 Which warbled erst the Syren throng,
 For counsels sage the Chief renown'd
 His warrior limbs had vainly bound ;
 His eyes, by love entranc'd, no more
 Had seen with joy their native shore ;
 The cords had loos'd ; the magic tale
 Had stay'd his oars, and furl'd his sail.

To a LADY making a Pin Basket.

WHILE objects of a parent's care
 With joy your fond attention share,
 Madam, accept th'auspicious strain ;
 Nor rise your beauteous work in vain ;
 Oft' be your second race survey'd,
 And oft' a new pin basket made.

When marriage was in all its glory,
 So poets tell, tho' strange, the story,
 Ere Plutus damp'd love's purer flame,
 Or Smithfield bargains had a name,
 In heaven a blooming youth and bride
 At Hymen's altars were ally'd ;

When

When Cupid had his Pſyché won,
 And, all her deſtin'd labours done,
 The cruel Fates their rage relented,
 And mama Venus had conſented.

At Jove's command, and Hermes' call,
 The train appear'd to fill the hall,
 And Gods, and Goddeſſes were dreſt,
 To do them honour in their beſt.
 The little rogues now paſſ'd the row,
 And look'd, and mov'd I don't know how,
 And, ambling hand in hand, appear
 Before the mighty Thunderer ;
 Low at his throne they bent the knee ;
 He ſmil'd the bluſhing pair to ſee,
 Lay'd his tremendous bolt aſide,
 And ſtrok'd their cheeks, and kiſſ'd the bride.

Says Juno, ſince our Jove's ſo kind,
 My dears, ſome preſent I muſt find.
 In greateſt pleaſures, greateſt dangers,
 We and the ſex were never ſtrangers ;
 With bounteous hand my gifts I ſpread
 Preſiding o'er the marriage bed.
 Soon, for the months are on the wing,
 To you a daughter fair I bring,
 And know, from this your nuptial morn
 Shall Pleaſure, ſmiling babe, be born ;

But

But for the babe we must prepare ;
 That too shall be your Juno's care.
 Apollo, from his golden lyre,
 Shall first assist us with the wire ;
 Vulcan shall make the silver pin ;
 The basket thus we shall begin,
 Where we may put the child's array,
 And get it ready by the day ;
 The Nymphs themselves with flowers shall
 dress it,
 Pallas shall weave, and I will bless it.



J. Marriott inv. et delin.

ODES.

ODES

ODE on AMBITION.

THE mariner, when first he sails,
While his bold oars the sparkling surface
sweep,

With new delight, transported hails
The blue expanded skies, and level deep.

Such young Ambition's fearless aim,
Pleas'd with the gorgeous scene of wealth and
power,

In the gay morn of early fame,
Nor thinks of evening's storm, and gloomy hour.

Life's opening views bright charms reveal,
Feed the fond wish, and fan the youthful fire.

But woes unknown those charms conceal,
And fair illusions cheat our fierce desire.

Here Envy shows her sullen mien,
With changeful colour, grinning smiles of hate;

There Malice stabs, with rage serene;
In deadly silence, treacherous Friendships wait.

H

High

High on a mountain's lofty brow,
'Mid clouds and storms, has Glory fix'd her feat;
Rock'd by the roaring winds that blow
The lightnings blast it, and the tempests beat.

Within the sun-gilt vale beneath
More moderate Hope with sweet Contentment
dwells ;

While gentler breezes round them breathe,
And softer showers refresh their peaceful cells.

To better genius ever blind,
That points to each in varied life his share,
Man quits the path by heaven design'd,
To search for bliss, among the thorns of care.

Our native powers we scorn to know,
With steadfast error still the wrong pursue,
Instruct our forward ills to grow ;
While sad successes but our pain renew.

In vain heaven tempers life with sweet,
With flowers the way, that leads us home,
bestrews,

If dupes to passion and deceit
We drink the bitter, and the rugged chuse ;

But thou what greatness gives reverè,
Not feek, too feeble to sustain.

Through dangerous rocks let others steer
And trust their vessels to the stormy main.

Happy, great master of his mind,
The man, who guided by Discretion's lore,
Still mindful of the flattering wind
Quits not, with all his canvas spread, the shore.

S A C R E D O D E.

HARK! thro' yon' fretted vaults and lofty
spires

Peal the deep organs to the sacred quires ;
And now, the full, the loud Hosannas rise,
Float in the winds, and roll along the skies :
The solemn sounds Devotion's ardour raise ;
Now mounts the spirit with diviner blaze :
Heaven opens : earth recedes : and Nature feels
The ray that fir'd the Prophets glowing wheels :
In fiery pomp bright Seraphs quit the sky,
And rap the soul in holy extasy ;
While round the saphire throne th'ethereal train
Adoring prostrate raise the lofty strain :

I.

Arise, O Lord, arise ;
 In all thy awful glory stand confest ;
 In thee for ever blest
 Behold thy servants veil their dazzled eyes.
 Night hath for thee no shades ;
 Alike to thee appears the orient day ;
 While one vast light, one inexhausted ray
 Of thy effulgent power the whole pervades.
 Then whither shall we stray,
 Where of thy forming hand no trace is found ?
 Above, beneath, around,
 The mighty voice is heard ;
 Where'er the hills are rear'd,
 Where spreads the vaulted sky,
 Or foams the deep profound ;
 Thro' Nature's utmost bound
 To us her works reply,
 Proclaim a parent God, a present Deity.

II.

Creation's praise is least ;
 NATURE'S RESTORER, to preserve is
 thine ;
 Whose awful voice divine
 Created all ; when Discord heard, and ceas'd ;

For it is thine to bind

The moral chain of order's perfect law,
And to their course the swerving motions draw
Of changeful things, and erring human kind.

Death with insatiate jaw

Gnash'd oft' his iron phang, and by his side

Stalking with ample stride

Vice rear'd his giant size

Uptowering to the skies.

The mourning earth was waste;

Confusion roll'd her tide;

When down the Virtues glide;

Soft Mercies urg'd their haste,

And o'er the bleeding world the sacred mantle cast.

III.

Beyond created sense

Mysterious goodness, hid in deepest night!

In vain our feeble fight

Would pierce the gloom, O mighty Providence.

Where the deep mazes meet

Beneath thy awful throne no eye hath seen,

Where wrap'd in darkness sits thy power serene,

And the loud thunders roll beneath thy feet.

O, when shall close the scene?

And Hope be lost in Truth's wide-bursting ray?

O haste, auspicious day,

O haste to light on earth
 Great Nature's second birth;
 New inmate of the skies
 When man renew'd shall shine
 With innocence divine,
 And blest Obedience rise
 To snatch the palm that crowns her faithful
 victories.

O D E to F A N C Y.

I.

GILDING with brighter beams the vernal
 skies

Now hastes the car of day to rise;
 Youth, and Mirth, and Beauty lead
 In golden reins each sprightly steed,
 With wanton Love that rolls his sparkling eyes.
 Dreams of Night, be gone; no more
 Your poppies, cropt on Lethe's margin, shed
 Around the languid poet's head;
 Morpheus, wake; thou drowsy God,
 'Tis time to break thy leaden rod,
 And give thy slumbers o'er.
 But come, thou woodland Nymph, along,
 Mistress of the vocal song,

Fancy,

Fancy, ever fair and free;
Whether on the mountains straying,
Or on beds of roses playing,
Daughter of sweet Liberty.

II.

Through all the ivy-circled cave
Soft music at thy birth was heard to sound ;
The Graces danc'd thy bower around,
And gently dip'd thee in the silver wave,
With blossoms fair thy cradle drest,
And rock'd their smiling babe to rest.
To kiss thy lips, the bees, a murmuring throng,
With busy wings, unnumber'd flew,
For thee, from every flower their tribute drew,
And lull'd thy slumbers with an airy song.
Come, in thy heavenly-woven vest
Which Iris gave thee, ting'd in every dye
With which she paints the sky,
Soft flowing unrestrain'd o'er all thy beauteous
breast.

III.

Me, sweet Enchantress, deign to bear
O'er the seas, and through the air.
O'er the plains extended wide,
O'er misty hills, and curling clouds we ride ;

Now mounting high, now sinking low,
 Through hail, and rain, and vapours go,
 Where is treasur'd up the snow,
 Where sleeps the thunder in its cell,
 Where the swift-wing'd lightnings dwell,
 Or where the blustering storms are taught to blow.
 Now we tread the milky way,
 Unnumber'd worlds that float in æther spy,
 Among the glittering planets stray,
 To the lunar orbit fly,
 And mountains, shores, and seas descry;
 Now catch the music of the spheres,
 Which, since the birth of time,
 Have, in according chime,
 And fair proportion, rolling round,
 With each diviner sound
 Attentive Silence, pierc'd thy raptur'd ears,
 Unheard by all, but those alone
 Whom oft to Wisdom's secret throne
 The Muse, with heaven-taught guidance, deigns
 to bring,
 To trace the sacred paths with hallowed feet;
 Or, Fancy, who the mystic shade,
 In thy airy car, pervade,
 Where Plato's spirit holds its solemn feat,

IV.

But Fancy, downward urge thy flight.

On some mountain's towering height,

With hoary frosts eternal crown'd,

Wrap'd with dusky vapours round,

Let me fix my stedfast feet.

I feel, I feel the fanning gales ;

The watery mists beneath retreat :

The noontide ray now darts its heat,

And pours its glories o'er the vales.

Glittering to the dancing beams,

Urging their stubborn way the rocks among,

I hear, and see a thousand streams

Foam, and roar, and rush along ;

But to the plains descended,

Their sudden rage is ended.

Now lost in deep recess of darksome bowers,

Again now sparkling through the meads

Vested soft with vernal flowers,

Reflecting the majestic towers

Its peaceful flood the roving channel leads.

Here the rural cots are seen,

From whose low roof the curling smoke ascends,

And dims with blueish volumes all the green ;

There some forest far extends

Its

Its groves embrown'd with lengthen'd shade;
 Embosom'd where some Gothic seat,
 Of monarchs once retreat,
 In wild magnificence array'd
 The pride of antient times presents,
 And lifts, in contrast fair display'd,
 Its sun-reflecting battlements.

V.

Near, some imperial city seems to reign,
 Triumphant o'er the subject land,
 With domes of art Vitruvian crown'd,
 See gleam her gilded spires around,
 Her gates in awful grandeur stand;
 Equal to shine in peace or war sustain;
 Her mighty bulwarks threat the plain
 With many a work of death, and armed mound.
 Where rolls her wealthy river deep and wide,
 Tall groves of crowded masts arise,
 Their streamers waving to the skies.
 The banks are white with swelling sails,
 And distant vessels stem the tide
 Circling through pendant cliffs, and watery dales.
 The russet hills, the valleys green beneath,
 The fallows brown, and dusky heath,
 The yellow corn, empurpled vine,
 In union soft their tints combine,

And,

And, Fancy, all engage thine eye
With a sweet variety.

While clouds the fleeting clouds pursue,
In mutual shade, and mutual light,
The changing landscape meets the sight ;
'Till the ken no more can view,
And heaven appears to meet the ground ;
The rising lands, and azure distance drown'd
Amid the gay horizon's golden bound.

VI.

Such are the scenes that oft invite
To feed thee, Fancy, with delight.
All that Nature can create,
Beauteous, awful, new and great,
Sweet enthusiast, is thy treasure,
Source of wonder, and of pleasure,
Every sense to transport winning,
Still unbounded and beginning.

Then, Fancy, spread thy wings again ;
Unlock the caverns of the main.

Above, beneath, and all around,
Let the tumbling billows spread ;
'Till the coral floor we tread,

Exploring all the wealth that decks the realms
profound,

These

There gather gems that long have glow'd
 In the vast unknown abode,
 The jasper vein'd, the saphire blue,
 The ruby bright with crimson hue,
 Whate'er the bed resplendent paves,
 Or decks the glittering roofs on high,
 Through whose translucent arch are seen the
 rolling waves ;

Fancy, these shall clasp thy vest,
 With these thy lovely brows be drest,
 In every gay, and various dye.
 But hark ! the seas begin to roar :
 The whistling winds assault my ear :
 The lowering storms around appear :
 Fancy, bear me to the shore ;
 There in thy realms, bright Goddess, deign
 Secure to fix thy votary's feet ;
 O give to follow oft' thy train ;
 Still with accustom'd lay thy power to greet ;
 To dwell with Peace, and sport with thee,
 Fancy, ever fair and free.

A R I O N.

I.

QUEEN of each sacred sound, sweet child
of air,

Who sitting thron'd upon the vaulted sky,
Dost catch the notes which undulating fly,
Oft' wafted up to the exalted sphere

On the soft bosom of each rolling cloud,

Which charm thy listening ear

With strains that bid the panting lover die,

Or laughing mirth, or tender grief inspire,

Or with full chorus loud

Which lift our holy hope, or fan the hero's fire:

Enchanting Harmony; 'tis thine to chear

The soul by woe which sinks oppress'd,

From Sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,

And on the bleeding wound to pour the balmy
rest.

II.

'Twas when the winds were roaring loud,

And Ocean swell'd his billows high,

By savage hands condemn'd to die

Rais'd on the stern the trembling Lesbian stood:

All pale he heard the tempest blow,

As on the watery grave below

He

He fix'd his weeping eye.
 Ah! hateful lust of impious gold,
 What can thy mighty rage with-hold,
 Deaf to the melting powers of Harmony!
 But ere the bard unpitied dies,
 Again his soothing art he tries,
 Again he sweeps the strings;
 Slowly sad the notes arise,
 While thus in plaintive sounds the sweet mu-
 sician sings.

III.

From beneath the coral cave
 Circled with the silver wave,
 Where with wreaths of emerald crown'd
 Ye lead the festive dance around,
 Daughters of Nereus, hear, and save.
 Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell
 With mighty sounds the twisted shell;
 And you, ye sister Syrens, hear,
 Ever beauteous, ever sweet,
 Who lull the listening pilot's ear
 With magic song, and softly breath'd deceit.
 By all the Gods who subject roll

From

[III]

From gushing urns their tribute to the main,
 By him who bids the winds to roar,
 By him whose trident shakes the shoar,
 If e'er for you I raise the sacred strain
 When pious mariners your power adore,
 Daughters of Nereus, hear and save.

IV.

He sung, and from the coral cave,
 Circled with the silver wave,
 With pitying ear
 The Nereids hear.
 Gently the waters flowing,
 The winds now ceas'd their blowing,
 In silence listening to the tuneful lay.
 Around the bark's sea-beaten side
 The sacred dolphin play'd,
 And sportive dash'd the briny tide;
 The joyous omen soon the bard survey'd,
 And sprung with bolder leap to try the watry way.
 On his scaly back now riding,
 O'er the curling billow gliding,
 Again with bold triumphant hand
 He bade the notes aspire,
 Again to joy attun'd the lyre,
 Forgot each danger past, secure: and gain'd the
 land,

The

The A C A D E M I C.

Written April M.DCCLV.

I.

WHILE silent streams the moss-grown
turrets lave,

Cam, on thy banks with pensive steps I tread ;
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,
And evening shadows o'er the plains are spread.

From restless eye of painful Care,
To thy secluded grot I fly,
Where Fancy's sweetest forms repair,
To sooth her darling Poesy ;

Reclin'd the lovely Visionary lies
In yonder vale and laurel-vested bower ;
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dyes,
And breathes the mingling scents of every flower :

While holy dreams prolong her calm repose,
Her pipe is cast the whispering reeds among ;
High on the boughs her waving harp is hung,
Murmuring to every wind that o'er it blows.

II. OF

II.

Oft' have I seen her bathe at dewy morn
 Her wanton bosom in thy silver spring,
 And, while her hands her flowing locks adorn
 With busy elegance, have heard her sing.

But say what long recorded theme,
 Through all the lofty tale of time,
 More worthy can the Goddess deem
 Of sounding chords, and song sublime,

Than, whose parental hand to vigour bred
 Each infant art, the Noble and the Wise,
 Whose bounty gave yon' arching shades to spread,
 Yon' pointed spires in holy pomp to rise?

Shall War alone loud-echoing numbers claim,
 And shall the deeds of smiling Peace be drown'd,
 Amid the Hero's shouts and trumpet's sound?
 These too shall flourish in immortal fame.

III.

When Science fled from Latium's polish'd coasts
And Grecian groves, her long and lov'd abode,
Far from the din of fierce conflicting hosts,
Thro' barbarous realms the weary wanderer trod;

But to what more indulgent sky,
To what more hospitable shade,
Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly
The helpless and devoted Maid?

Time-honour'd Founders! ye the virgin woo'd!
'Twas yours, with souls to native grandeur born,
To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,
With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths she wept no more;
Heal'd were the wounds that scarr'd her gentle
breast;
Here, still she smiles with Freedom's sons to rest,
Nor mourns her Attic towers, nor Tuscan shore.

IV.

Fathers of Genius ! whom the Muse adores,
 For sure to you her noblest strains belong,
 Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours
 The grateful notes of sweetly flowing song,

Th' increase of swift revolving years
 With conscious pride exulting view ;
 How all ye plann'd compleat appears ;
 How all your Virtues bloom anew :

The generous zeal which erst ye felt remains,
 Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense ;
 While unexhausted to your learned plains
 Rolls the rich stream of wide munificence.

Joy to your shades ! the great career is run,
 Reserv'd by Fate for some superior hand,
 Confest, the last, th' auspicious work shall stand,
 And Statesman, Monarch end what ye begun.

V.

Ye too, once Inmates of these walls renown'd,
 Whose spirits, mingling with th'ethereal ray,
 Of universal Nature trac'd the bound,
 Or rais'd in majesty of thought the lay,

See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace
 Their rival radiance brighter shed,
 While Holles smiles the wreath to place
 Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spencer fits among your thrones sublime,
 To the soft music of his mournful lays
 Listening ye weep for his ungrateful time,
 And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead dishonour's memory dies,
 Forget, much injur'd Name, th'unworthy woe;
 In strains like thine so may our accents flow,
 In nobler numbers yon' fair domes arise.

VI.

When Faction's storms, or some fell Tyrant's hate
 Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave shall
 doom,

Then tho' these structures to the hand of Fate
 Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial
 Rome,

Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage

Shall point its wide destroying aim,

Since what defies the force of age

Thus consecrates the pile to Fame ;

Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace,

The Name of Holles on the stone behold,

Shall point a Brunswic to a distant race,

Benign, and awful on the swelling gold,

Th'historic page, the poet's tuneful toil,

With these compar'd, their mutual aid shall raise

To build the records of eternal praise,

And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd soil.

VII.

Sweeter than warbled sounds that win the sense
 Flows the glad music of a grateful heart,
 Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,
 Or strains too cold, high-wrought with labour'd art.

Tho' weakly sounds the jarring string ;
 Tho' vainly would the Muse explore
 The heights to which with eagle wing
 Alone can heaven-taught Genius soar,

Yet shall her hand ingenuous strive to twine
 The blooming chaplet for her Leader's brow ;
 While with new verdure grac'd, in Glory's shrine,
 The ampler Palms of civic Honours grow ;

When He, these favour'd shades appears to bless,
 Whose guardian Counsels guide a nation's fate,
 And with superior toils for Europe's state
 Mixes the thought of Granta's happiness.

VIII.

VIII.

Hail Seats rever'd ! where thoughtful Pleasures
dwell,

And hovering Peace extends her downy wings,
Where musing Knowledge holds her humble cell,
And Truth divine unlocks her secret springs;

This verse with mild acceptance deign
To hear ; this verse yourselves inspire,
Ere yet within your sacred fane
The Muse suspends her votive Lyre.

Thee GRANTA, thus with filial thanks I greet,
With smiles maternal thou those thanks receive,
For Learning's humble wealth, for friendship
sweet,

For every calmer joy thy scenes could give.

While thus I sport upon thy peaceful strand,
The storms of life at awful distance roar ;
And still I dread, still lingering on the shore,
To launch my little bark, and quit the land.

ODE on LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

INMATE of smoaking cots, whose rustie
shed,

Within its humble bed,

Her twittering progeny contains,

The swallow sweeps the plains,

Or lightly skims from level lakes the dew.

The ringdove ever true

Tells her sad tale of unrelenting fate,

Far from the raven's croak, and bird of night

That shrieking wing their lonely flight

When, at his mutter'd rite,

Within the dusky desert vale,

With starting eye, and visage pale

The grimly wizard sees the spectres rise unholy;

But haunts the woods that held her beauteous mate,

And woos the Echo soft with murmurs me-

lancholy.

I. 2.

I. 2.

Sublime alone the feather'd Monarch flies ;
His nest dark mists upon the mountains
 throw'd ;

In vain the howling storms arise,
When borne on outstretch'd plume aloft he
 springs

Dashing with many a stroke the parting cloud,
Or to the buoyant air, commits his wings,
Floating with even sail adown the liquid skies ;
Then darting upward swift his wings aspire
 Where thunders keep their gloomy seat,
And lightnings arm'd with heaven's aveng-
 ing ire,

None can the dread artillery meet,
Or thro' the airy region rove,
But he who guards the throne of Jove,
And grasps the flaming bolt of sacred fire.

I. 3.

Know, with young ambition bold,
In vain, my Mule, thy dazzled eyes explore
The realms of light, where wont to soar,
Their burning way the kindling spirits hold.

Heights too arduous wisely shun;
 Far humbler flights thy wings attend;
 For heaven-taught Genius can alone ascend
 Back to her native sky,
 And with directed eagle eye
 Pervade the lofty spheres, and view the blazing sun.

II. 1.

But hark! o'er all the flower-enamell'd ground
 What music breathes around!
 I see, I see the virgin train
 Unlock their streams again,
 Rolling to many a vale the liquid lapse along.
 While at the warbled song
 Which holds entranc'd Attention's wakeful ear,
 Broke are the magic bands of iron Sleep;
 Love, wayward child, oft' wont to weep,
 In tears his robe to steep
 Forgets; and Care that counts his store,
 Now thinks each mighty business o'er;
 While sits on ruin'd cities, war's wide-wasting
 glory,
 Ambition, ceasing the proud pile to rear,
 And sighs; unfinish'd leaving half her ample story.

II. 2.

Then once more, sweet Enthusiast, happy Lyre,
 Thy soothing numbers deign a while to bring;
 I strive to catch the sacred fire,
 And wake thee emulous' on Granta's plain,
 Where all the Muses haunt their hallow'd spring,
 And where the Graces shun the sordid train
 Scornful of heaven-born Arts which thee and
 Peace inspire :

On life's sequester'd scenes they silent wait,
 Nor heed the baseless pomp of power,
 Nor shining dreams that crowd at Fortune's gate;
 But smooth th'inevitable hour
 Of pain, which man is doom'd to know,
 And teach the moral mind to glow
 With pleasures plac'd beyond the shaft of Fate.

II. 3.

But, alas ! th'amusive reed
 Ill suits the lyre which claims a master's hand,
 And youthful Fancies vainly feed
 When Glory calls to Virtue's active band.

Sloth

Sloth ignoble to disclaim
 It is enough : the lyre unstring.
 The victor's palm at other feet I fling
 In Granta's awful shrine ;
 O crown'd with radiance divine,
 With smiles still nurse the Muse ; the Muse shall
 lift thy fame.



J. Martin inv. et del.

DE
J. Miller sculp.

DE
HISTORIA et INGENIO
Juris Civilis et Canonici,
CUM COMPARATIONE
LEGUM ANGLIAE
ORATIO

Habita in Sacello Aulae Trinitatis die
Commemorationis 1756

Ex testamento

THOMAE EDEN LL.D.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CIVIL AND CANONICAL

OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

IN THE ANGLO-SAXON

ORAL HISTORY

OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

OF THE ANGLO-SAXON

DE

HISTORIA et INGENIO

Juris Civilis et Canonici, &c.

O R A T I O

HOdierno die, Academici, ex more instituto Jus Civile laudare, fortunam hujusce domus vobis gratulari, et majorum benefacta ante oculos ponere, gratum opus aggredior: laetus gloriam veterem societatis nostrae non solum me posse recensere, verum etiam majorem expectare ex hac vestra frequentia et florentissimo coetu.

De Jure Civili dicturo omnia sane mihi recitanda videntur quae temporibus antiquis lucem adferunt, et peculiariter honori sunt; siue enim ex rerum pondere, siue ex verborum gravitate spectetur, siue ex illo aequi bonique sensu quem animis omnium natura ipsa penitus inculpsit, quid justum, quid sit injustum ut sciant, juris illud systema rite praedicandum atque omnibus laudibus efferendum est, in hoc praecipue celeberrimum, quod quanquam in legibus unius civitatis conclusum erat, tamen
cum

cum omnium gentium, locorum, aevi que sit, non solum Romani Juris nomen retinet, ut perexiguum, verum etiam civium omnium jus appellari gloriam amplissimam consequitur.

Lēges enim apud cāteras gentes certis adscriptas regionibus, in singulas res positas atque ad formam reipublicae cuiusque accommodatas saepe cum ipsis legum latoribus interiisse, civitatibus everfis nunquam remansisse satis constat, at vero inter ruinas Romae, inter fractos fascēs, templā obruta, direpta moenia, inter urbis et reipublicae fundamenta distracta et dissipata adhuc vivit vigetque Romana ratio.

Unde vero haec vis legibus Romanis insita, ut cum diu retusa fuerint arma Romanorum, cum victa virtus, cum nulla acies, nullus ille triumphorum ardor, Jus Romanum adhuc asserat dignitatem suam vendicetque imperium? quid est, nisi quod nobis insit divinae mentis signum, et quaedam suprema ratio quae sejuncta et semota est ab omni institutarum legum recordatione, qualem neque ex forensi usu didicimus, neque a majoribus nostris accepimus, sed nobiscum quae nascitur crescitque: quam non ex argumentorum serie et disceptatione philosophorum ducendo et quasi premendo trahimus, sed statim sentimus, arripimus, possi-

possidemus ; hisce libris modulisque utimur, hisce perpendimus, atque metimur cujusque gentis legum institutiones, et quo proprius accedunt ad hanc regulam universae rationis eo excellentiores eas esse praedicamus.

Circa statum reipublicae et regnorum formam magnis intervallis distant inter se gentium instituta ; in caeteris rebus rationem aequitatis servandam omnium gentium leges sibi assumunt, omnes prae se ferunt, et si non ipsam justitiam attingant, speciem ejus saltem assequuntur.

Hinc est quod Jus Romanum talibus laudibus, tanta admiratione dignum esse censetur ; scilicet quod omnes partes aequi verique in seipsum recipit.

Neque mirari quidem possumus ita se rem habere, et Justitiam sibi quasi templum sanctissimum apud Romanos extruxisse, cum reputemus, quicquid antiquissimorum hominum invenit sapientia, quicquid stabilivit experta aetas, per omnes terrarum regiones longe lateque disseminatum, in una Romana republica esse congestum collectumque.

Cum enim Aegyptiaca gens ex institutis Dei optimi maximi, ipsius Judaeorum regnum administrantis, multa in tabulas suas recepit, tum

leges artesque Aegyptiacas exemplo finitimis proposuit. Manavit serpsitque commerciis juris scientia, atque adjuvantibus poetarum carminibus et sapientum virorum documentis, multae civitates fundatae fuerunt, et non minus artibus ad vitam excolendam vel armis ad defendendam quam legibus bene institutis floruerunt.

Ut leges memoriae melius mandarentur quicquid imperabant versibus sunt complexae; ita scilicet delectando et monendo feros mores hominum domuere, in societatem dissipatos redigendo, ab omni ordine abhorrentes et se invicem fugientes, ut debiles protegerentur ut comprimerentur ferociiores, atque ut universi mutuis officiis divincerentur, effecere tandem optimi olim viri, ut dignitas legum satis firma, veneranda, sanctissimaque evaderet.

Sic cum natae sunt apud Orientales literae, in iisdem cunabulis enutritae leges; et verum jus cum consortibus philosophiae studiis humano generi simul illuxit: quicquid sapere Graeci homines hinc didicere; hinc ista harmonia juris fuit, hinc ista lyra quae veterem Graeciam administrasse dicitur; ex hoc fonte derivatae fuerunt leges Zaleuci, Charondae, Draconis, et quas Lycurgus et Solon civibus suis posuere.

Exactis Roma regibus cum potestas ad consules translata fuit, armis in dies crescebant res Romanorum, legibus in dies augebantur: cum enim ex odio regum, quicquid sanciverat eorum arbitrium respuerent homines liberae civitatis avidi, in omnes finitimas regiones, et in Graeciam praecipue missi sunt legati, qui ex iis, ut quaeque erat optime instituta civitas, leges colligerent; ita leges latae sunt duodecim tabularum quae vocantur.

At vero angustis limitibus concludi imperium Romanum non potuit, neque tulit Jus Romanum in tam parvo curriculo contineri; nec rebus nec civibus sufficere tabulae: ut auxilio esset legibus de multis tacentibus introductum est jus quod honorarium appellatur.

Consulibus in bello fere semper occupatis ut administraretur jus civibus et peregrinis, ad aediles curules, praecipue vero ad praetores causae sunt delatae: Hi, quorum praetor urbanus, titulo honorati insignis fuit, custodes legum et interpretes, decisionum omnium arbitri, ex sententiis suis Jus Romanum necessario augebant, atque exemplis, fictionibus, explicationibus factum est, ut novum jus, quod honorarium appellatur, ex veteris stirpe, dif-

fusa late ramis jus scriptum tabularum non raro obumbraret.

Exinde per privatorum civium lites, per varios casus reipublicae, donec omnia ditioni imperatorum subjecta erant, et post ea tempora sub imperatoribus succedentibus, ex responsis prudentum, ex principum edictis, decretis, rescriptis, tali incremento usquequaque auctum est Jus Romanum ut penè omnia jam tandem complectitur, quae ad lites dirimendas juris solemnitatem postulant, sive res spectant, sive personas; atque exinde fit ut Jus Romanum minime sit unius civitatis proprium sed omnibus omnium gentium saeculorumque civibus regulas praebeat in disceptandis controversiis vel privati vel publici juris.

Tantam esse auctoritatem Juris Romani nullo modo mirari possumus cum Romani imperii opes animo recordemur, quam late patuit, quibus virtutibus adauctum fuit, et quibus viis iter munivere ad honores et summos gradus reipublicae principes viri qui in ea multum pollicerunt prius quam a libidine et luxuria venalis facta est; leges ergo illius civitatis in omni aevo ceteris exemplum futuras expectandum fuit, et jure quidem omni praedicatione dignas esse censemus qua efferuntur.

Cum

Cum igitur leges sapientissimae gentis in tantam molem creverint ex illa arcta et perexigua imprimis tabularum decisione animadverti potest quam inaniter spes fovetur juris institutiones ullas tam breves complexu, tam sensu luculentas fieri posse, ut neque commentationibus neque incremento locus sit futurus: Crescat oportet, in sempiternum augebitur magnae cujusque gentis juris systema praecipue vero in libera civitate; quatenam enim est illa humanae mentis vis et prudentia, cum tam variae sint regnorum populorumque vicissitudines, ut una arctissima tabula brevi linea omnia complectatur, quae privati vel publici juris nunc sunt, aut aliquando sunt futura. Hunc apicem laudis, nullae institutiones legumlatoris sapientissimi unquam attigere: Quamquam hoc pro certo compertum habemus tanto plura in se justissima axiomata continere Jus Romanum, ad dirimendam magnam quaestionum multitudinem, quanto plus valuit imperium, quanto latius patuit, et quanto longiori temporis spatio duravit et illuxit supra omnes alias gentes illius populi virtus et fortuna, cui a divino numine concessum plane videtur, ut caeteris non minus sapientia quam armis imperitaret, atque ut victoriis peragrandò penè

totum terrarum orbem legibus suis addiceret.

Nihil vero manifestius juris Romani naturam excellentissimam ostendit, quam ille sensus posterorum in quo adhuc vivit legum Romanarum majestas: quanquam enim illud jus non ex aliis fontibus hauriatur praeterquam ex reliquiis à Justiniano parum fortasse sapienter, ut nonnulli putant, collectis, suis decisionibus, cum mutandi cupidior fuit, interpolatis, orientali quadam barbarie et pompa imperii tumescens ut solet ubi res ex unius arbitrio geruntur, et in quibus liberae civitatis dignitatem saepius desideramus, satis tamen patet quam proxime accedere Jus Romanum ad veri justique effigiem et aeternae rationis speciem, ex hac causa, quod cum Romanorum potestas penitus deleta fuit, et cum Barbaris incurfantibus arma cesserunt, ceciderunt artes, filuerunt leges, at tandem cum omnia perculsa et prostrata diu fuerunt, emerfit aliquando Jus Romanum victoribus ipsis adjuvantibus.

Cum enim statum regnorum populorumque Jura Gothica immutavissent, tamen supplendi et illustrandi causa in judiciis introductum est Jus Romanum.

Haec ita se habere temporibus Theodorici et succedentium regum patet ex historiis Cassiodori
ejus-

ejusdem regis scribae. Atulphum quoque memoriae tradidit Orosius Romani nominis monumenta omnino delere cupientem, ex altiore ejus juris meditatione, consilium mutato animo cepisse, ut Romani Juris restituendi autor haberetur.

Quamdiu Gothi et Longobardi Italiam armis possidebant, codices Theodosii, quaedam ex Gregorii et Hermogenis, ex Gaii institutionibus Ulpiani fragmentis, sententiis Pauli, et quae Justiniani compilationi antecesserunt, in suas leges adoptabant: Aquitania quoque dedita, Arcadio regnante et Gothis invadentibus provincias Galliae Italiae finitimas, in foedere sancitum est, uti lex testamentaria iis salva esset.

Roma ferro atque igne vastata, Berytensium urbe terrae motu deleta, Constantinopoli incendiis penè perdita, Zenone imperante centenis et vices millibus librorum combustis, postea obsidione Turcarum capta, cum juris scientia, quae in hisce urbibus maxime floruit, et omnia penè antiquae doctrinae monumenta extincta fuisse viderentur, oblivio quaedam bonarum artium toti terrarum orbi incubuit.

Tremula vero, atque ut antea dixi incerta lux in tantis tenebris crepusculo dubio haerebat. Nemo auctor restituendi in Italia juris Romani

clarior extitit quam Lotharius, qui Apulorum urbe Amalphi expugnata digesta invenerat, quae Pisas diligenter, postea Florentiam missa, in maxima aestimatione haberi sunt incepta; eodem tempore Ravennae Justiniani compilatio diu in obscuro latitans in lucem edita est.

Tanta vis veri fuit, tanta Romani Juris ratio, ut per omnes deinceps Europae partes glisceret, et quasi cursibus peragraret. In Academiis posthabita ineptae philosophorum disceptationes, vix dignae tanto nomine, ita ut conquererentur plurimi Aristotelem ipsum contemptui esse: posthabita etiam in tribunalibus multae leges ex barbarorum institutis, multae consuetudines omissae.

Novi vero hostes juri civili insurgebant, quibus oppugnantibus necessario occubisset, nisi eadem utilitas atque aequitatis ratio quae Barbarorum immanitatem vicerant, ecclesiasticorum hominum pravam religionem et regum edicta superaverint. Maximis quaerimoniis apud nostros atque externos sacerdos quisque, ut literis restaurandis et augendae scientiae erat infestus, neglectam esse philosophandi rationem, neglectam divinarum rerum cognitionem aiebat futuram. Papae jus canonicum omni juris systemati ex alio fonte derivato praelatum esse voluerunt,

voluerunt, et opprimi jus civile quam maxime ut jus suum quasi infans dilectus attolleretur, atque ut in omnibus rebus animos hominum facilius subjugarent, autoritate ecclesiae stabilita.

Ex constitutione Innocentis quarti ab honoribus ecclesiae detrudebantur jura civilia profitentes: doceri etiam Jus Romanum Honorius noluit. Nunquam requiescebat invidia quin jus civile odiis infestaretur. Stephanus noster, in regno suo, ne quis in publico de jure civili differeret edixit; Carolus nonus, et Henricus tertius Gallorum reges eodem animo in jus civile fuerunt. Philippus cognomine pulcher, et Parisiensis tribunalis assessores citari Jus Romanum, ita ut pro rato habeatur si quando consuetudinibus vel legibus regni sui adversaretur, vetabant; apud Hispanos qui fecerit capitis periculum adiit: hi atque illi nimis crudeliter fecerunt; Galli fortasse sane: regum enim et populorum laesa esset majestas, si apud suos exterorum jus et instituta plus valuerint quam patriae leges et principum placita.

Quin meruit, et quod meruit tandem adeptum est jus civile, ut, ipsis canonistis confidentibus, anteferreretur juri ecclesiae, et in omnibus rebus ubi silent municipales leges et regnorum

regnorum instituta, apud gentes penè universas audiatur hodie Romani juris, quasi ex sempiterno rationis adyto, vox sanctissima; quae, ut discatur quantum ponderis habeat ex ipso nativo sensu aequitatis omnium gentium animis insculpto, adhuc peculiarem hanc laudem et celeberrimam nacta est, scilicet quod veluti divinum quoddam numen, controversiarum altissimarum arbitra inter maximas fortissimasque gentes, ne omnia caedis ruinarumque compleantur, a coelo descendat.

Commerciis enim late patentibus vel pace firmata vel exardente bellorum vi, et cupiditatibus hominum effraenatis quonam modo potuit esse ut jus unius gentis audiatur cum detrimento alterius, ergo jus illud quod nullius est proprium, et nullam captans gratiam in medio jacet universi orbis civibus profuturum, ex communi consensu civile appellatur, atque in auxilium poscitur, omnibus ad unum ejus sanctissimum tribunal se invicem provocantibus.

De moribus qui differuere scriptores regulas et decisiones juris civilis saepius citando satis ostendunt, quali animo in idem fuerunt, existimantes scilicet, naturae et gentium et civium jura in ejusdem tabulis ad veri normam recte

recte describi : bene quidem fecerunt, et sapientissimè ; nam universa praecepta aequitatis in uno systemate jus civile complectitur et justitiae perfectae veritatisque imaginem manu quasi porrecta monstrat, in omni aevo esse imitandam,

Haëtenus de vi Juris Romani satis dictum est : de argumentis, et quas tractat res paululum dicamus. Hic autem vastus se aperit campus, ut citius vobis patientiam audientibus, mihi ipsi dicenti verba defutura credam, quam ut omnia de quibus sapienter statuit jus civile complectatur oratio.

Ex quibusdam partibus ut totum quid sit capiatur, qualem rationem instituit jus civile de duobus rebus praecipue quaeramus : de poenis et liberorum successione.

Quod ad poenas attinet, quaenam est facies Romani juris ? quale praebet spectaculum humanitatis ? quis non admiratione obstupescit cum recordetur rempublicam Romanam tot per annos salvam stetisse sine supplicio capitali nocentium civium ? nullus ubi sanguis nisi pro patria cum hostibus dimicando fluxit, neque miserè vitam ob parvula delicta amiserè cives.

Apud quos nullum liberi capitis pretium fuit, apud eosdem nulla vitae adimendae causa
satis

fatis magna fuisse visa est: de necandis reis filuere leges, nisi quod de parricidiis sunt locutae; et quod vitas servorum dominis addicerent: cum latrones, ficarii, fures, ex horum numero penè omnes fuerunt, hisce scalae Gemoniae, hisce uncus, furcae, crucesque satis paratae: sed loquimur de liberis hominibus, libera civitate.

Nihil me movet quaestio de poenis capitalibus, quae civibus Romanis infligebantur, cum res Romanae unius nutu administrabantur; Nec Marii, nec Syllae tempora citanda, neque Antonii, neque Octavii praescriptiones, memorandae, quando uti quisque erat deterrimus, ita bonorum civium extitit insidiator. In partes distraeta et lacerata republica in medio prostratae jacebant leges.

Si Brutum cites de liberis suis reipublicae proditoribus in judicio sedentem et morti damnantem aut de caede sororis Marci Horatii quaestionem habitam, haec prius facta sunt, quam leges decemvires conditae, et species reipublicae absoluta et perfecta.

In tumultibus quidem novi homines novis rebus studentes, saepe sunt necati. Gracchorum, Spurii Melii, M. Fulvii cum liberis ejus, L. Saturnini, Servilii caedes extra ordinem factae sunt;

sunt; cum magis armati erant boni fortesque cives rerum tumultuantium necessitate quam legibus verbo id factum suadentibus; vel etiam illo senatus consulto ne quid detrimenti caperet respublica. Praetores Bacchanalibus detectis, ex jussu consulum, sceleratorum magnam turbam necari jusserunt: de hac re autem prius latum ad plebem fuisse T. Livius memoriae prodidit. Nulla vero lex constans et perpetua fuit ut criminis causa in iudicium adducti cives Romani necarentur.

Ut cives qui nihil tale meruerant in exilium adigerentur viribus inimicorum saepe factum est: saepe pessimi et perditissimi sponte exulabant. Ciceronem ex lege durissima et quae facto posterior fuit, ab invidia factionis expulsum exilio voluntario patria caruisse omnes norunt: cum decretum erat ut illi qui necavisset cives Romanos, sine causa ad populum delata, aqua et igne interdiceretur.

Quae tamen res ipsa probat non solum de necandis reis ut antea diximus filuisse leges, apud Romanos, perditissimis licet; verum etiam ne quemquam quidem facile et nisi obliqua atque ex causa lege lata in exilium adigi.

Civem Romanum in ordinem redigendi et capitis diminutione infamem multandi censores potesta-

potestatem habuere. In furtis manifestis quadruplum ut solveretur damnabatur reus; in non apertis, ubi in ipso furto faciendo non est deprensus duplum solvere tenebatur: si apud quemvis ab alio furtum est factum alienae rei, duplum solvere tenebatur qui negligenter custodierat, quasi ipse vel sui furtum fecerint.

Tam leves fuere poenae, tam mites legum Romanarum minae, quasi Humanitas ipsa magistratuum fasces secureque portasset, ut potius veneratione legum et virtutis amore, quam servili suppliciorum formidine liberi homines regerentur.

Anglorum leges, quae tantis laudibus effertur, calamo stillante sanguine scriptas fuisse videntur. Quantum distat a Romana libertate libertas civium, quorum capitalibus suppliciis quotidie exercentur carnificum manus? cum carcera saepe vix sufficiant reis, vix iudices, vix laquei, et furibus fures qui eos in mortem trahant. Num liberi cives alii ab aliis tam longo intervallo distare videntur? hocce hominum moribus et ingeniis an legibus tribuendum videtur? quippe quibus secundum stoicam disciplinam imparia delicta paribus suppliciis coercentur.

Quae-

Quaenam causa videtur esse ut civium numerus cum magno detrimento reipublicae apud nos diminuitur quotidie, nisi quod leges nostrae quiddam Gothicum et Barbarum sapiunt; cum non minus propter furta levissima quam propter latrocinia et unumquodque atrocissimum criminis genus idem districtus gladius capitibus reorum semper impendet? In capitis periculum adduci non potuit civis Romanus nisi lege lata ad populum, ut de ea re nova quaestio haberetur; qualis erat Clodio interfecto a Milone: vassallos autem miseros perire dominorum saevitiae maxime convenit: neque mirandum est leges in eo statu regni, et eo tempore conditas quo omnia paucorum dominorum ditioni et insolentiae subiecta erant, non solum de poenis capitalibus verum etiam de caeteris rebus multa instituisse quae a perfectae libertatis linea penitus recedunt.

In successione ab intestato qualem aequitatem ostendit Jus Romanum? proxime enim ad naturam accedit, et ad eam caritatem qua omnes liberi a parentibus diliguntur, aut diligendi sunt. Cum jus civile minime distinguit successionem in agros paternos a successione in bona mobilia, sequitur certe vocem naturalis aequitatis, admonentis scilicet omnes liberos dignos

dignos esse ut in haereditatem defuncti patris pariter succedant: ni sint emancipati vel in alienam familiam adoptati. Quanto autem civium industriae virtutisque impedimento esse in legibus nostris, ut filius natu maximus praedia et agros paternos solus possideat, exclusis fratribus et sororibus paupertate gravi et contemptu laborantibus? haecine leges aequae? liberae civitati, an vassallis et servili ingenio magis accommodatae? quid enim harum legum latores animo proposuisse videntur, nisi ut ex arbitrio dominorum et paucorum insolentia in miseros vassallos imperia exercerentur facilius! cum multiplicatis servitiis optimates ipsi non nisi vassalli majores erant, quibus permissum est in minores saevire.

Sed ut nihil intactum relinqueretur, quin omnia jura naturae legum feudalium ingenium everteret, ut posteris monumento sit qui discerent ex variis superbientis potentiae vestigiis quibus modis vassallos infelices ludificavit dominorum arbitrium, eadem regula succedendi non semper locum obtinuit, neque obtinet in legibus nostris. Cum in quibusdam locis mos dominis erat ut virgines nubentes vassallis a domino vitiarentur, indignum hominibus facinus atque infimae servitutis signum, impetrabant

bant vassalli ut jus successionis in praedia paterna filio natu minori concederetur, scilicet ut cujusque suus vere filius adiret haereditatem patris, quod aequum fuit : sed ut caeteri liberi contra naturam negligerentur minime oportuit. Haec et multa alia ejusdem generis in legibus nostris instituta a servitute orta sunt : deficit tempus ut dicamus omnia : facta cessant, manent autem factorum vestigia, et mutatis moribus minime mutantur leges ; ergo liberi homines penitus libero jure non utimur, neque in omnibus rebus usque ad hunc diem assequuntur naturalem aequitatem Anglorum leges moribus barbarorum implicatae ; exinde fit jus impar, nec sibi constans systema, ingens veluti aedificium ex materia diversa diversis temporibus extructum.

De pupillis et minoribus aetate ab injuria protegendis quam rectè statuit jus civile ? in re testamentaria quanta sapientia ? veluti enim parens mitior jus civile liberis consuluit ut legitimam portionem adipiscerentur exhaeredati licet, neque exhaeredarentur omnino nisi nominatim. De legitima portione silent leges nostrae, quae necessario dividitur ; quia feudum unum et indivisum erat, et totius juris nostri uti monstravimus ingenium feudale est.

Jus civile, quod aequum sane fuit, ingens privilegium testamenti faciendi limitibus ita coercerat: atque utinam jus nostrum sic fraenis animos hominum temperasset, cum isto privilegio quotidie non pauci abutuntur, ut sunt ingenio duro, a suis alieni, et ad mutandum procliviores.

In rem ullam jus mortuo competere rerum natura prohibet, verum ut voluntas defuncti post mortem rata habeatur leges civiles, atque nostrae, ex imitatione civilium, concesserunt, utilitatis reipublicae et industriae augendae causa: potestate autem faciendi testamenti, omni limite remoto, saepius datur locus saevitiae exercendae quam demonstrandae benevolentiae, vel ob beneficia accepta referendae gratiae.

De rebus tam variis tot et tam sapientibus decisionibus abundat jus civile, ut nihil penè intactum posteris reliquit, non enim solum controversiis privatorum verum etiam gravissimis gentium certaminibus dirimendis consuluit; leges Rhodiorum de rebus maritimis imitatur; quicquid ad legationes, quicquid ad publica jura gentium attinet, in tabulis suis complectitur; eo igitur in maritimis negotiis et commerciis vel invitum utimur; quippe quo omnes utuntur Europae gentes: jus civile auctorem quoque sequimur, et ducem aequitatis in

in legibus nostris illustrandis, ut ratio legum suppleatur; regulas enim et axiomata juris civilis veluti voces sanctissimi oraculi scriptores optimi de legibus nostris acceperunt: sed sive ingrato et malevolo animo, sive incuria et negligentia factum est, non raro discipuli praeceptoris obliti sunt; neque honorem suum cuique tribuere didicerunt: cum ex fonte juris civilis penè omnis aequitas juris nostri, quanquam non aperte id consentitur plerique, derivatur.

Aemulum arma Britannorum vix patiuntur, jus Anglicanum ferre nequit; si tamen decisionum ratio, si vastus, et penè omnes casus in se continens campus, si gravitas, si pondus, si brevis stylique perspicuitas quid habeant quod commendent, nostris invitis licet, exteris sponte plaudentibus, commendant haec omnia Jus Romanum.

Jus civile rebus magis quam verbis deditum ineptiis verborum suam ipsius dignitatem vix unquam minuere videtur: puduit enim tantae subtilitatis, cum cives Romani syllabas aucupari dedecori existimabant, et juris consulti, non captiosae scientiae periti voluerunt esse.

Compares stylum duodecim tabularum, cum nostris statutis; illius quanta brevis, quanta perspicuitas! haec vero quam obscura, proluxa!

Compares stylum legum Graecarum, quas ad musices rationes concinnatas et cantu recitatas fuisse memoriae proditur, ut animo altius infingerentur; brevissimas fuisse minime dubitandum est. Compares stylum pandectarum, et juris consultorum Romanorum cum stylo eorum qui de jure municipali hujusce regni plerumque scripserunt, qui in faece quotidiani sermonis versantur, quasi juris scientia, ut verbis utar scriptoris Romani de causis corruptae eloquentiae, circumcisa et amputata, sine apparatu, sine honore, penè dixerim sine ingenuitate discatur, velut una ex sordidissimis artificijs.

Si comparando orationem gravissimam eorum hominum, qui lingua Romana adhuc florente, scripserunt, atque in ea aetate cum humanitatis studia juris scientiae lucem attulerunt, si nos nimia securitate vincendi frui pertimescant qui a nobis dissentiunt, omissa omni quaestione de temporibus antiquis, ad tempora posteriora accedant; cum scriptoribus plerisque de jure Angliae hodiernos scriptores de jure civili conferamus; nonne hi rationem ipsam arripere videntur, illi saepe rationis umbram per ambages sequi? argumentis rerum sanis ex naturae castris hi armati procedere? illi ex analogiae fallacis arce et subtilitatis laebris, innumerabili citationum

tionum multitudine septi, insidias veritati struere? quasi series errorum veterum errores novos consecraret, aut subtilis distinctio ex favore partium fortasse imprimis introducta rationem juris superaret, et exemplo vitiis imitabili in perpetuum deciperet: in diversas partes igitur jus scriptum atque aequitas distrahuntur; leges valent, hoc est verba et exempla, ratio autem legum negligitur, cum etiam ipsa aequitas quae vocatur contra juris scripti regulas nequit decernere; hinc oriuntur juris scientiae contemptus, et sordes, et odium quae omnia efficiunt reipublicae; cum homines linguam mysticam juris veluti absurdam et vultum velocoopertum et rident et aspernantur; ergo jus summum summam clamant esse injuriam, et caufidicorum cohortes praedonibus similes esse putant, qui in fortunas civium incurrunt: non ita Manilios, non ita Scaevolas in odio habuere cives Romani, summa autem veneratione et officiis prosecuti sunt; apud quos domus juris consulti oraculum fuit totius civitatis, ubi, non sordidissimi lucelli sed honoris et autoritatis augendae causa, responsurus clientibus, sedebat in vestibulo, veluti in templo sacratissimo, pontifex Justitiae.

De stylo juris Romani differentibus libet observare quibus exordiis fere utitur. Cum ab omni specie injustitiae abhorret jus civile, nec quidquam recipit quod iniquum, absurdum, vel incastum, quod turpe, vel a bona fide alienum videtur, his praefationibus quasi prologus alloquitur, "non est aequum." nulla juris ratio. "boni viri arbitrato," nemo est qui nescit;" talibus orationibus Jus Romanum animos hominum conciliat, permulcet, suadet, exorat, et videtur quasi timuisse ne minus seipsum accommodaret quam vellet perfectae justitiae regulis et naturae magistratae documentis.

Nunquam sane institutiones ullius civitatis nimium appellare possunt ad communes sensus hominum, et naturae praecepta; nunquam nimium brevitatis et perspicuitatis decus, et styli dignitatem servare.

Qui juris scientiam nudam, et linguam omni venustate carentem amplectuntur, admonendi videntur, ornamento non esse opus quando res ipsa ornari negat, in docendo tamen et imperando aliquid gratiae et majestatis inesse posse, quod qui sentiunt non sine causa admirantur.

Ne igitur juris Romani stylium et elegantias quidam despiciant quasi inanes, ubi receduntur Masas legum parentes fuisse, et Apollinis statuam in foro Romano ante oculos causas dicentium positam fuisse, de Marfya artes Apollineas irridente poenam capientis; intueantur autem illos maximos viros Yorkseium, Pratiium, Hælium, et Mansfeldum, qui in fori subsellia notitiam et veneres Atticarum et Romanarum artium comites adduxere.

De jure civili his dictis, ad jus canonicum pergit oratio, quod fere semper apud nos eodem nomine confunditur quo appellatur jus civile; ideoque juris canonici si quid est opprobrium, siue jure, siue injuria, eodem quoque notatur apud ignaros jus civile. Non tamen adeo conjunctum est jus civile cum canonico ut nequeat ab eo dividi, neque tam omnino alienum ut sub iisdem vexillis non aliquando militet.

Ut vero antea dictum est, jus civile infestum et inimicum, æmulationis causa, canonico fuit: cum ut occurreretur inrescendi et indies serpenti potestati Paparum consilium reges cepere, scilicet ut jus ecclesiasticum negotia ecclesiae solum attingeret, in caeteris rebus jus civile locum haberet; cuique suam provinciam susceperam esse voluerunt.

Tanta tamen inest juri civili aequitas, ut etiam hodie in regno Papae ipsius et tribunalibus ecclesiae aliquantulum pollet; nec mirum est, cum Cujacius ipse profiteatur jus canonicum fere omnia sumpsisse ex jure civili; et si quid in illo praeclarum sit, ex hoc fonte id derivari; neque illius interpretem idoneum aliquem esse nisi qui sit juris civilis peritus. Maranta quoque est citandus, qui ex Felini canonistae sententia dixit, quod si jus canonicum in re aliqua nimis severum esse videretur, et jus civile majorem aequitatis speciem proferre, tum etiam in ecclesiae ipsius dominio jus canonicum non imperare juri civili, sed obtemperare, et sequi funem potius quam ducere oportere.

Ne vero nimum in reliquias ecclesiastici juris saeviatur, quantulum in hoc regno vim teneat, memoriae nostrae infigendum est, cum municipale jus ita quidam attollunt, illud ipsum ecclesiasticorum hominum partim opus fuisse; traditur enim in historiis leges Inae, Athelstani, atque aliorum Regum ex consilio Clericorum conditas fuisse, donec exinde consuetudine inveterascerent, cum idem genus hominum saepe in judicio federet, aliquando una cum laicis conjungeretur, vel summam sedem in regniis tribunalibus possideret.

Prae-

Praeterea, jus canonicum quo hodie utimur non suam vim jactat derivatam ex potestate vicariis suis a deo concessa, ut aiunt Romani pontificii fautores, sed in consuetudine hujus regni, provincialibus constitutionibus, et statutis auctoritatem tenet satis stabili munimento confirmatam, quod qui concutiunt imprudenter, totum juris Angliae systema periclitari intelligant.

Haec satis de jure canonico quod ad vitia reformanda prius introductum fuit, cum quasi censoriam potestatem circa mores Episcopus exercuit, ut magistratibus vel absentibus vel praesentibus auxilio esset. Ex libro primo codicis Justiniani, titulo quarto, de episcopali audientia, patet hanc originem laudabilem fuisse auctoritatis quam habet jus canonicum; quod intertextum patriae nostrae moribus et institutis suam dignitatem hodie vix tuetur, et in se recipit eodem nomine confusum languens languentem auctoritatem juris civilis ut est fracta et imminuta.

Qui tamen bellum juri civili et canonico indicunt quotidie, et curiarum ecclesiasticarum et maritimarum jurisdictioni faces admovent, ne proxima ardeant debent pertimescere. Ampliare jurisdictionem, alienam contrahere, minime prudentis est; haec res enim invidiam gravissimam

nam parit, omnia turbat et in incerto ponit. Quoniam respublica diu feret curias praeliantes, et causidicos, proprii lucri et auctoritatis augendae causa, cum detrimento alterius, in infinitum extendentes quasi officinas? Magnum sane et dignum populis, senatibus, regibusque leges reformandi opus; expectanda tamen sunt tempora idonea et mentes hominum, ne aegre accipiant res novas, si accipere necesse est, conciliandae: interim quiescant qui ne quidquam quidem imperfectum in rebus humanis se ferre posse aiunt, et juris municipalis nostri angustias, ambages, et linguam mysticam et incertam recordentur, si libet querantur; ferant tamen paululum jura civilia profitentes, ferant literas humaniores, ferant Academiam.

Vivat ergo et splendeat, ut potest, si non apud caeteros nostros, tamen apud vos, Academici, atque ceteros, juris civilis sempiterna ratio; ex quo fonte uberrimo sequutis silentium et defectus institutarum legum suppletur et illustratur quotidie, apud pene omnes alios Europae incolae: hujus scientia imbuti ad forenses causas, ad negotia reipublicae expediti prodeunt: nos autem nimium dediti nostris moribus, nimium feri, et in ceteras res et homines animo alieno, jus civile minime laudamus,

vix quidem patimur; ergo neque in negotiis apud finitimos agendis valde versamur, neque, ut pro certo compertum est, bene audimus.

Si vero cum humanioribus conjuncta literis antiqui juris scientia adhuc apud nos manet, si in asylo musarum atque in hac nostra Academia, postquam barbarorum manus effugeret, leges imperiales et canonicae salvae versantur, atque ornamento sunt, hanc gloriam vobis, Academici, praecipue vendicatis, quam ex eorum beneficio acceperitis, quorum liberalitate et auspiciis domus haec nostra celeberrima affurrexit, ut juri civili faveatur.

Ni ergo staret per vos, Academici, ne pereant legum civilium studia, quibus floret nostra disciplina, nisi in hisce studiis paululum ut versarentur nostrates res belli et commercii poscerent, nisi consuetudinibus regni et ecclesiasticae dignitati antiquitus intertexta juris civilis auctoritas necessariam quandam vim haberet, cum nunc seorsim concludatur in brevissimis spatiis, et ab invadente manu curiarum municipalium indies magis magisque coarctetur, interituram omnino hujusce juris apud nos scientiam persuasum habeo.

Reficit tamen me recreatque juris civilis fatum deplorantem, florentissimus hic coetus aedes-

ædesque sanctissimæ; ubi non solum quaecun-
que apud Romanos Graecosque homines flo-
ruerunt humaniores artes, excoluntur, sed ubi
juris civilis Scientia, profuga quasi et exulans,
vos precatur, ut hic maneat salva: vocem ejus
videor audire, Academici, exorantis, si ex vobis
aliqui ad fora alia sint hinc emigraturi, si in
subsellis hostilibus et sibi infestis cum summa
laude olim versaturi, ne sitis sui immemores;
pietatem vestram poscit parentis porrecta manus;
gaudet illa cum vestra gloria suam esse conjunc-
tam: neque sane fieri potest ut contemptui jus
illud unquam habeatur, cujus doctrina, et in
cujus cunabulis, postera aetas recordabitur, Aca-
demici, vos fuisse imbutos, fuisse enutritos.

CATALOGUS BENEFACTORUM RECITATUR.

F I N I S.

